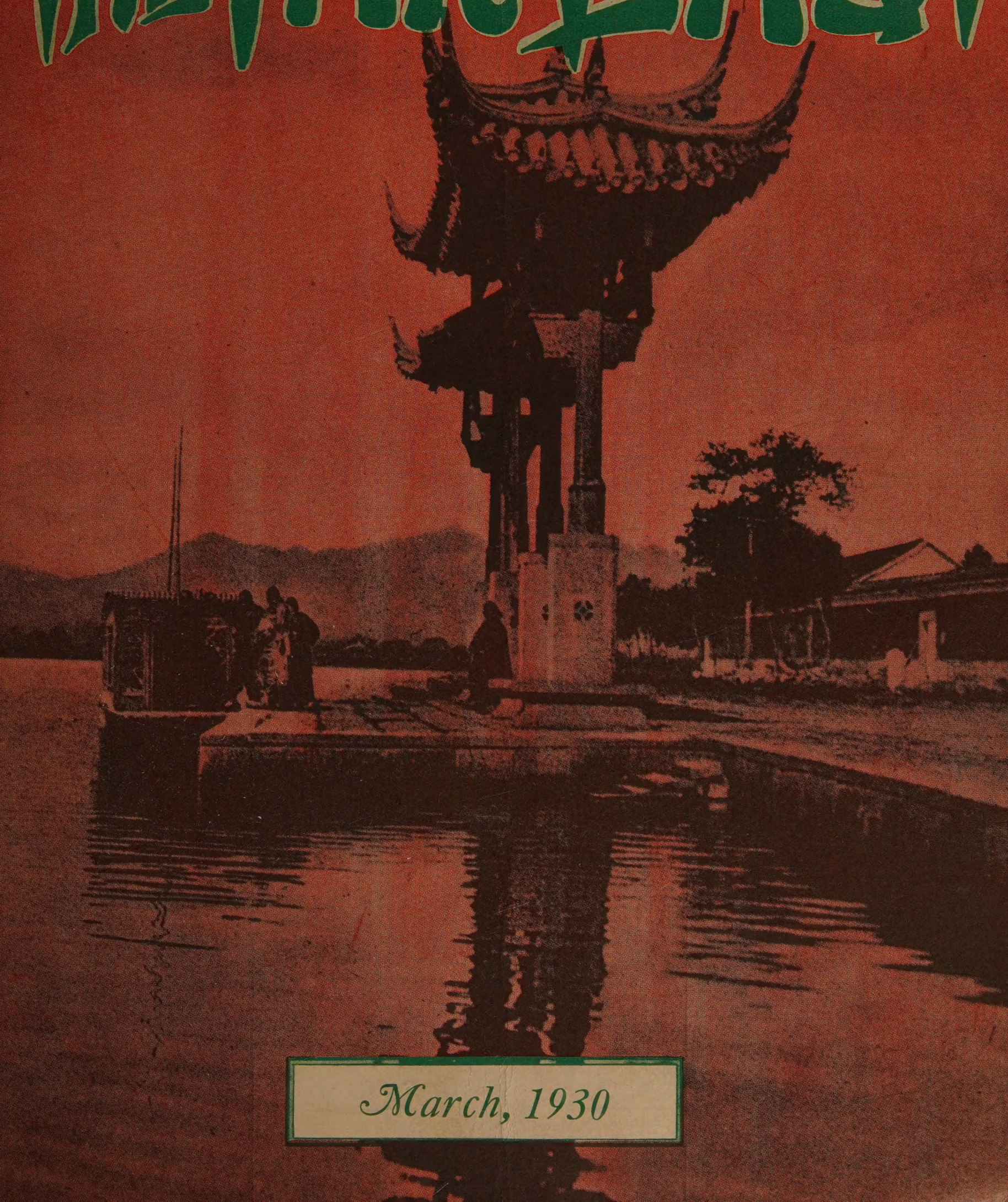


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# THE FAR EAST



*March, 1930*



# ST. COLUMBANS?

## AIM AND PURPOSE

St. Columbans is the American Headquarters of the Society of St. Columban, a Missionary Society of Secular Priests, organized especially for the missions of China and the Far East. It was founded in 1918 with the approval and blessing of Pope Benedict XV.

## PONTIFICAL SOCIETY

On June 5, 1925, His Holiness Pope Pius XI raised it to the rank of a Pontifical Society and made it directly responsible to the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda under the Canonical Title "Societas Sancti Columbani pro Missionibus apud Sinenses."

## LEGAL STATUS

The Society of St. Columban is incorporated in the United States under the laws both of Nebraska and New York, where its houses are established. Its Legal Title is THE CHINESE MISSION SOCIETY OF ST. COLUMBAN. This is the proper title to use in drawing WILLS and other legal instruments.

## PERSONNEL, TRAINING

At the end of 1929 the Society numbered 131 priests and 178 students. It has two seminaries in the United States for training its priests,—a Junior Seminary at Silver Creek, N. Y., and a Higher Seminary at St. Columbans, Nebr. It has seminaries also in Ireland, Australia, and China. To date the Society has been responsible for ordaining 105 priests.

## MISSIONARY RECORD

The Society of St. Columban conducts extensive missions in the Provinces of Hupeh and Kiangsi, China, and in the Philippine Islands. Its Procure in the Far East is at Shanghai. At present it has 63 priests directing various branches of missionary activity in foreign fields. Since its foundation seven of its missionaries have made the Supreme Sacrifice. Five of them died in China.

## WAYS AND MEANS

In fulfillment of the special work entrusted to it by the Vicar of Christ, the Society of St. Columban, in addition to training its priests, supports them in the Field, builds them churches and schools, and maintains their parishes. It also supplies means for the support of all other branches of the Missionary Apostolate within its jurisdiction.

## SOURCE OF SUPPLY

This organization of approximately 500 active workers, including priests, sisters, brothers, students, lay auxiliaries, native teachers and catechists, depends entirely on charity for its support. Without the DONATIONS OF OUR FRIENDS SENT US DIRECTLY THROUGH THE MAILS we could accomplish nothing. All donations big or little are appreciated and receive a personal acknowledgment.

## SPIRITUAL BENEFITS

All Benefactors share in 2,500 Masses offered for them by the Priests of the Society during each year in perpetuity. They are remembered in special community prayers offered for their welfare in all our houses, and they share as well in the prayers and sacrifices of the whole Society and particularly in the Apostolic Benediction granted by our Holy Father.



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI  
GRANTS THE  
APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION  
TO EACH BENEFACTOR  
OF THE  
SOCIETY OF ST. COLUMBAN

Correspondence may be addressed, and checks made payable, to  
**VERY REV. E. J. McCARTHY, Superior**  
ST. COLUMBANS  
NEBRASKA

# ST. COLUMBANS



# THE FAR EAST

Official Organ of the Chinese Mission Society of St. Columban

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Published monthly at 404 N. Wesley Ave., Mount Morris, Ill., Editorial Office at St. Columbans, Nebr. Entered as second class matter Jan. 4, 1927, at the post office at Mount Morris, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 412, Act of Feb. 28, 1925, authorized Jan. 4, 1926. Annual subscription, \$1.00.

Vol. XIII

MARCH, 1930

No. 3

## The Spirit Lamps of YO-BA

*The Lamps of Paganism Were  
Floating on the Waters as Yuen  
Sen, Baptized Surely by Desire,  
Slipped Away  
Friend of His*

*By the*

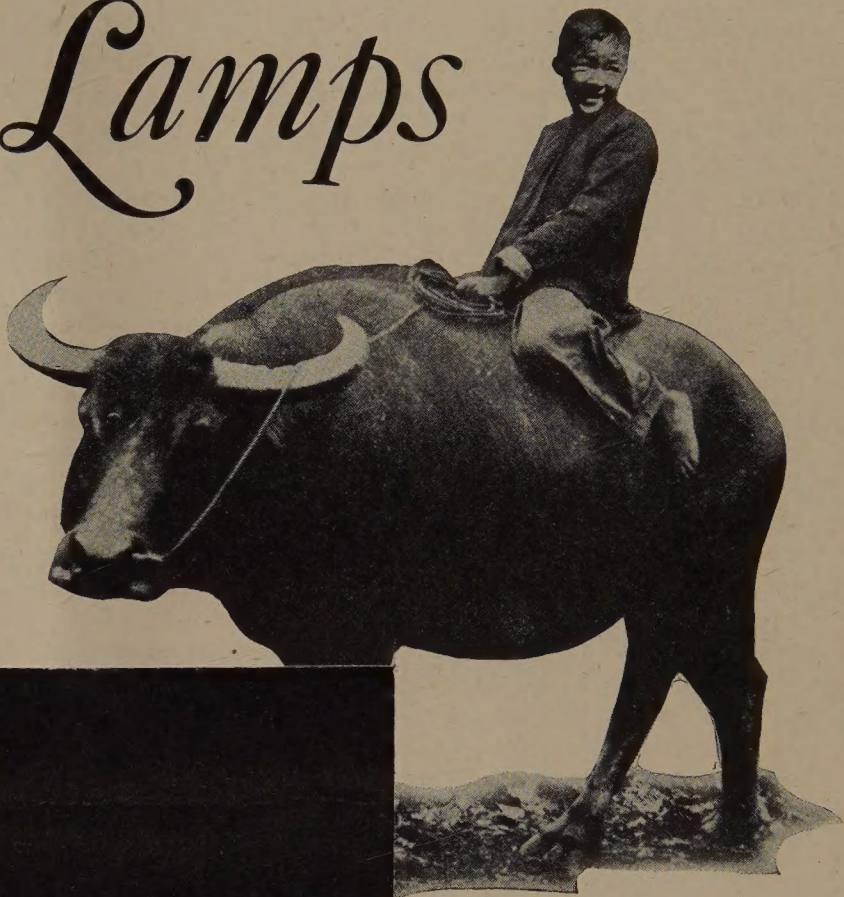
REV. ALPHONSUS

YESTERDAY was the S  
proach of night our lit  
all the glamor and romance  
the river, on their way to  
myriads of tiny lamps. Pur  
red and white, like gentle n  
Isles or strange enchanted f  
the waters.

In the darkness of the nig  
Far as the eye could see along  
the tiny lamps gleamed and  
fell with the waves. The l  
monks and floated on the w  
ness of the water-world. T  
to the spirits of those who h  
them on their way to parad

### The Temple Bell

Ever and anon, across th  
booming of the temple bell,  
out the hundred-and-eight  
waters. . . .



Water-Buffalo Out to Feed After  
Day's Work"

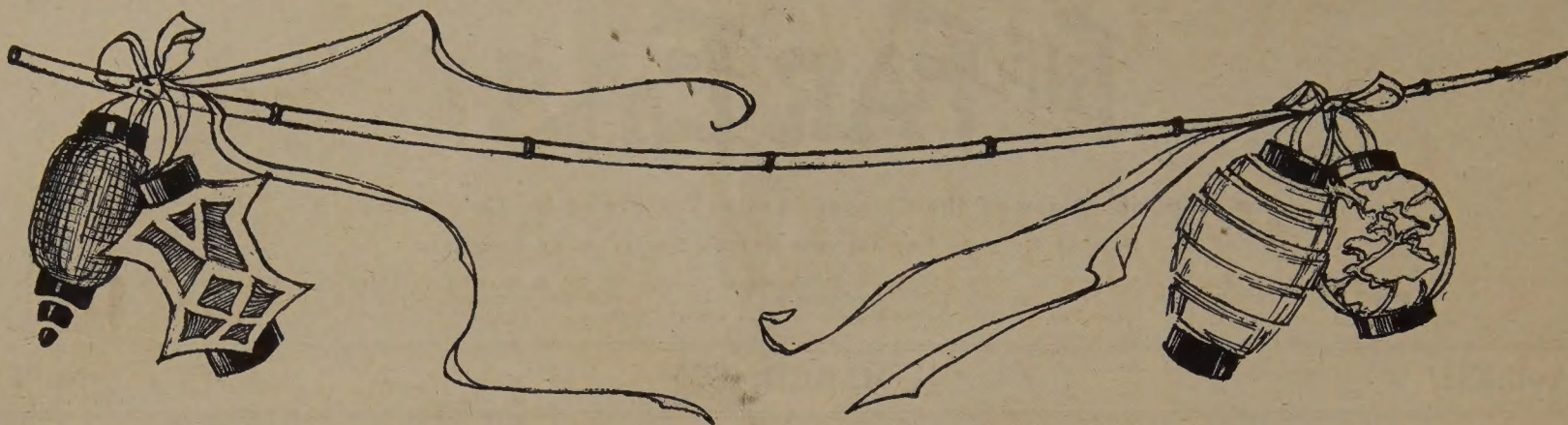
at, is a crimson glow on the  
the sanctuary lamp from our  
ng the fisher-boy of the Christ  
atches for him in the night.

little lamps there passed away

ears old, the only child of his  
mile from me here in Yo-Ba.  
en Sen and I became great  
ough the fields in the evening,  
en, as he tended his father's  
water and feed after the day's

riends, he brought me to see





his treasures: a pheasant's nest in the wheat, a swimming hole in the stream and the place where the eagle was caught.

Many a time we sat idling on the bank of the stream, watching the dragon flies as they danced along the water. And I told him stories of far-off lands; of snow-sleighting in winter; of the hills and the mountains; the waterfalls that leaped down the valleys; of boys and girls a-play in the fields; of the ships on the mighty ocean, and of the dreadful storms when the ships were tossed like playthings. And always he wanted to hear the story of the Infant of Bethlehem, of the wondrous love of God and the Infinite Sacrifice of Calvary.

How his little brown eyes used to open when we talked of the little boy-Jesus!

Once he came to see me here in my chapel of Yo-Ba. I showed him the little church and the lamp before the Tabernacle.

"This is now the home of the little boy-Jesus," I told him. "Won't you come and see Him often, Yuen Sen, and show Him that you love Him?"

I RETURNED to Yo-Ba a few days ago from our annual retreat in Hanyang. Yuen Sen's father visited me today. He is a pagan and I had never met him.

"When did you get back, Father?" he asked me.

"Two or three days ago," I replied.

"Aiyah, aiyah! . . . What a pity . . . and I did not know!"

"Why, what on earth is the matter?" I asked him.

"My little boy, your friend Yuen Sen, is gone. He died last night. He was our only child. I loved him beyond

everything. . . . A thousand curses on Buddha. . . . My only son, and Buddha would not save him!

"Ten days ago he came home feeling ill. I thought nothing of it. The next day he could not get up, nor ever after. The doctor came and said it was sunstroke. Every day Yuen Sen asked for you, Father, and begged me to find you. Three times I came here but you were away in Hanyang. I would have done anything for my son, Father; I would have walked all the way to Hanyang, but I was afraid I could not be in time. My boy . . . he cried for you always, and for some friend of his called Jesus. Ah, Father, what a pity I did not know you were back! You might have

been in time to save him."

I comforted the poor father as well as I could. He was a pagan and could not well understand. But I told him of the love of God; and of the Mother and her only Son, and that the Divine Son had called Yuen Sen to be His playmate in Heaven.

I do not know how much my hearer grasped. But somehow I think he was consoled. There is a natural bent in every man for Christianity. Hence the truths of God's love and of Heaven, no matter how imperfectly understood, must have appealed to the lonely father's heart.

Probably the beginnings of faith were stirring in that pagan soul to-day. All through little Yuen Sen. He had sown the seed and in the tears of this sorrow the seed was being watered.

Certainly no catechist could have made the holy Name of Jesus more significant or more memorable to this pagan father than did his little son, calling out from his death-bed. The man can never forget that Name. When he dies, may it be on his lips . . .

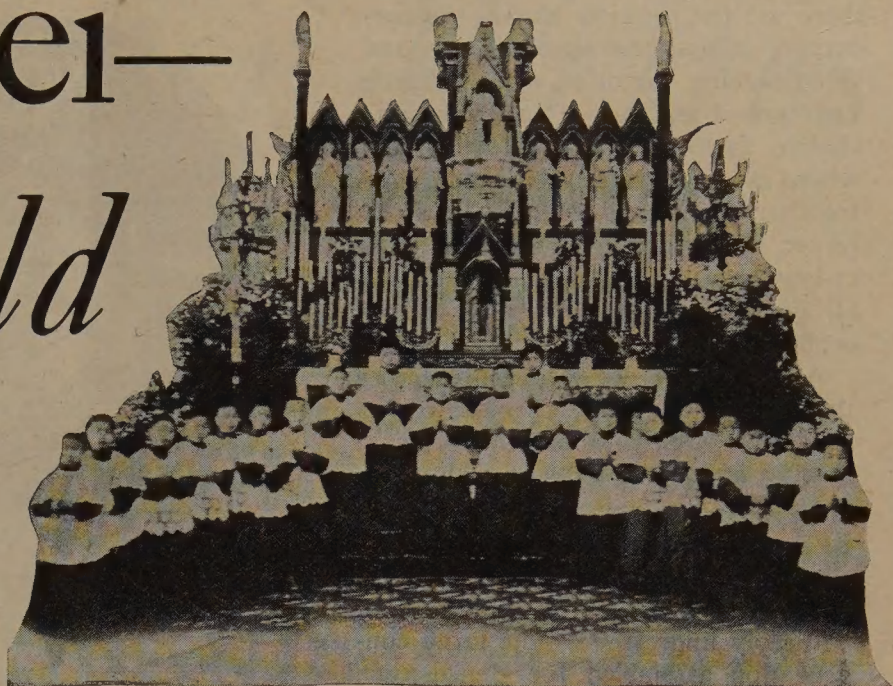
And what of Yuen Sen himself? Surely he had baptism of desire. "Every day Yuen Sen asked for you, Father . . . He cried for a friend of his called Jesus."

BUT last night, as I idly watched the fairy lamps on their voyage to the ocean, I little thought that the soul of my friend was just then floating on to the waters of Eternity. . . .

Yuen Sen, Yuen Sen, last night as you floated past, did you see the glow on the waters, the crimson glow from the Tabernacle? Did the voice of the little boy-Jesus call to you through the darkness?



# In Siccawei— Stronghold of the Faith



*Chinese Altar Boys, St. Ignatius' Church, Siccawei*

*By the*



VERY REV. W. S. MCGOLDRICK, *Procurator General, St. Columban's Missions*

*This Chinese Village Is Catholic to the Core . . . Here Religion, Education,  
Industry and Art Are Flourishing in the  
Shadow of the Church*

**I**N SHANGHAI, as in most big cities, the world, the flesh and the devil have their strongholds, but the Faith has its own, too. For instance, there is Siccawei.

## **A Catholic Suburb**

Siccawei is a Catholic suburb of Shanghai. It is about half an hour by street car from the Bund. And it is well worth making the journey to visit. It is an impressive monument to the Jesuit missionaries who have built it up and to the generations of Chinese Catholics who have kept the Faith in this hallowed spot through years of persecution and trial.

Another priest and I took a Sunday afternoon off to make the trip out to Siccawei. It was a delightful and even touching experience.

**L**EAVING the car at Place Paul Zi, a crowded market crossroads at the tram terminus, we made our way along the cobbled street. Siccawei is thoroughly Chinese, with a picturesque strain of French running through it. We saw French marines on sentry duty at various points, a precaution retained since the disturbance of two years ago.

The cobbled street runs along by Siccawei Creek. The creek is a narrow tidal waterway, crowded, as most Chinese waterways are, with mat-covered sampans, the pitiful homes of so many of the poorer classes. A mild afternoon sun filtering down through the trees, whose interlaced foliage formed a summer canopy above the roadway, spread a softening light over all. It touched with passing glamor

the sampans in the creek at our left and the drab poverty of the shops and hawkers' stalls on our right.

A sharp turn in the roadway—another hundred yards of cobblestones between high walls, and we were out in the piazza before St. Ignatius' Church. Climbing the wide stone steps in front of the Church were a few late worshippers hurrying in to Benediction. It was still some minutes to the hour, but the great body of the congregation—anything up to a thousand—was already within. Evidently at Siccawei even the stragglers are ahead of time.

## **A Catholic Landmark**

St. Ignatius' is a beautiful Gothic building with twin spires that form a landmark for miles around. It is not by any means the kind of a church one would expect to find in pagan China, nor in a suburban village (for that is what Siccawei is). It is a church which would be an ornament to any home city.

## **The Settlement**

Moreover, it is the embodiment of the grand medieval idea which always made the church the center of everything. St. Ignatius' is the center of a splendid Catholic settlement. Around it acres and acres of ground are given over to the work of the mission. There are the village itself, the monastery and the college, the major and the preparatory seminaries, the Catechists' Normal School, the world-famous Observatory, the orphanage, with its long workrooms where precious vestments and needlework of



every description are made. Then there are the printing works, the carpenters' shops, the stained glass and wood-carving factories where church furniture of all kinds is turned out, the chalice factory, and the art studio where sacred pictures are printed. Altogether it is an immense industrial center, giving employment to hundreds of boys and men and women and girls, all of whom have grown up in the orphanage.

And last but not least, just across the creek, there is the Carmel with its cloister of saintly women to call down by day and by night God's blessings upon Siccawei and all China. . . .

### Benediction

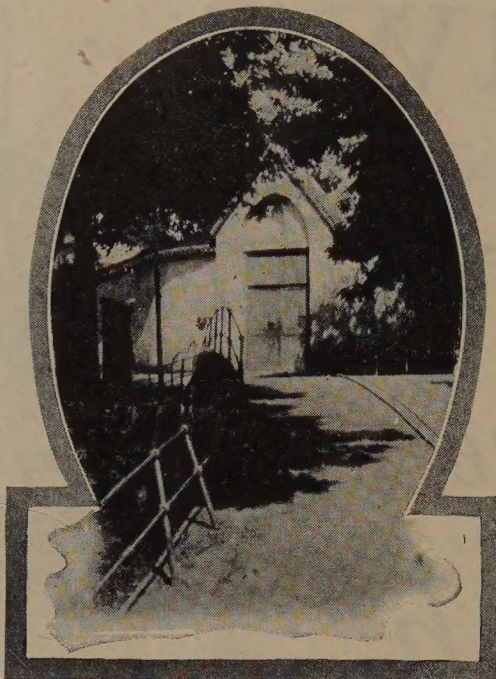
Entering the church I could not but be deeply impressed by the large congregation assembled for Benediction. I knew that every one of them had already been at Mass that morning.

The women knelt on the Gospel side, and the men—not less numerous than the women—on the Epistle. A sermon was being delivered—Chinese, of course—followed by a long litany chanted by the congregation.

And then the Benediction.

YOU may have often heard that Chinese voices leave much to be desired in the matter of sweetness. But I must state very emphatically that the Siccawei choir that Sunday afternoon was very beautiful. The singers were seminarians, I presume, and grouped about the organ in the apse. Whether it was the effect of the solemn music rolling down the long aisle and mellowed among the Gothic pillars and the groined arches of the vaulted roof, I cannot say; but I have rarely heard singing that impressed me so deeply.

### A HOUSE OF PRAYER



*"Just Across the Creek, There is the Carmel With Its Cloister of Saintly Women"*

We were far down the church and I could only see the torches of the altar boys, ornate lanterns in gold and white and red and green, as the procession came out from the sacristy and moved slowly down the transept to the entrance of the sanctuary. Very beautiful it looked as it mounted the steps to the sanctuary and advanced up the long, raised floor to the foot of the High Altar. . . .

### Catholic to the Core

Siccawei is Catholic, heart and soul. Over the house doors one sees the pictures of the Sacred Heart, and one feels that Our Lord and His Mother are very much at home in those simple cabins.

### The Beginnings

How did Siccawei begin?

Away back in 1580, the Jesuit missionaries in this part of China converted the head of the Su family, who owned a large tract of land around Siccawei. He gave the priests a site for their mission, close to the village. They built on it, and thanks to their zeal, the people of Siccawei and practically the entire neighborhood embraced Christianity. The result, after centuries of toil and prayer and suffering, is the splendid Catholic center that we see today.

BUT Siccawei is only a tiny sanctuary in the midst of China's millions. Will those millions be Catholic, too, some day? It is what God wants, and each of us can do his share to make the answer "yes."

If we sow only one seed, a seed that may take years to fructify, is it not well worth all our efforts? . . . Was it not worth the sacrifice and toil of that pioneer missionary of 1580 to sow the seed that is now Siccawei? Perhaps on us depends whether many another Siccawei will come into being or not. . . .

Most of you who read these lines are doing your part. It is on your charity and your prayers that St. Columbans, like every other mission society, is built and operates.

The Chinese Catholics, too, have done their part. Most of them are poor, too poor to give much. But many of them, like the widow in the temple, have "given more than all the rest." Many of them have died as martyrs. Millions of them are saints in Heaven. And all because charitable hearts at home have helped to bring them to the altar rails.

But there are still four hundred millions. . . .

### Requiescant in Pace

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Sister M. Madeline, Mrs. Anna Aldemeyer, Mrs. Rose F. Wood, Mrs. Mary Quinn, Mrs. Mary Cronin Sahmadel, Mrs. Bridget Moran, Mrs. Marietta Reid, Catherine Ford, Dr. Linnehan, Philip Keough, Thomas Howard, Mrs. J. J. Lanphier,

and all the deceased members and benefactors of the Chinese Mission Society.

*May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God rest in peace.*

AMEN.



*Winter on Siccawei Creek*



# A Sister Writes

## Home

to the

Motherhouse

from

ST. COLUMBAN'S CONVENT  
HANYANG, CHINA



*Missionary Sisters of St. Columban at Hanyang, China*

WE CAN hardly think of anything but the arrival of the six new Sisters. Won't we be delighted to see them again! We will be quite a big community—for a little time at least. And besides we shall have some nice fresh jokes for recreation. Our old ones are almost worn threadbare from being trotted out regularly once a week for months and even years—although there is something new to laugh at every day in this delightful country.

### Washing In a Cup

I suppose the packing has begun for China and that everything will be packed and unpacked twenty times over before the departure. We have done a fine lot of packing and unpacking in our day. It certainly calls for patience at times—as well as some of the other apostolic virtues. There was great fun the first night we arrived here. Everything was still locked up, and we had nothing to eat with, and nothing to sleep on, and nothing to wash in; so all our inventive faculties were called forth.

Anyway it was only for one night, but I would not care to wash in a cup always!

We are working very hard at our Chinese so as not to lose too much "face" when the new Sisters arrive. Anna (our teacher) confided to me the other day that we were getting too old to study any more and that "when the nice young Sisters came it would be fine." So we are not the only ones looking forward to their arrival.

### On Chinese Brides

Important-looking Chinese letters have been coming to announce to our maid, Ineza, that she is to be married before very long. She looks very embarrassed when we attempt to congratulate her and I don't know whether she is pleased or not. Of course she "acts" well—most Chinese brides do. They are probably supposed to cry and make a seemly little struggle to start with, and then follow up by passive acceptance of the state. Poor thing—I'm glad I'm not a Chinese woman. I think I'd run away!

### Medical Emergencies

We have had a few cases of opium-poisoning lately, and there is big work in keeping some of the new Christians away from it. Some weeks ago a convert who had received Baptism at Pentecost took opium poisoning. They came to us for an antidote. We gave two emetics, which failed, and as a last resource tried a strong solution of permanganate of potash. This worked wonders and the man has recovered.

I'm sure you remember our big fat laundryman. Well, one morning lately he came banging at the gate to say his brother, a pagan, had taken opium the evening before and was dying. We sent him an emetic but it was too late and the poor fellow died during Mass time.

### The Missionary's Anchor

Now seeing that by this time we are

old, hardened missionaries, some of us are hoping to be sent to Yuin Lung Ho. However, that is in God's Hands, and whatever He ordains is sure to be the best for all of us. What comfort there is in that—in the safe anchor of God's Will! It simplifies everything that otherwise would be inexplicable and makes light all that otherwise would be hard to bear.

### Sister Questioned

Now, Mother, I think I must finish up here, because I must keep something for other letters; and besides, I must get in a bit of my catechism every day. I must tell you this, however, an item of "inside" information for Colum's Little Missionaries about the Sister who could have missed her catechism!

### In Catechism!

One day Sister M. and N. and I were going to Hankow, and as usual produced our catechisms, to study a little, as soon as the *Whadsa* pulled out on the river. Suddenly a boy who got into our boat turned to Sister M. and asked how many Gods there were. I was glad he did not ask me! I was so taken aback that I would certainly have said "Three"! Then he went on singing the questions and answers by heart—Chinese fashion. When he had finished he told us he was one of Father Quinlan's Catholics from Wu-Sen-Miao. It is such a consolation to come across one here and there among the pagan throngs. Sr. M.



# "Perils from the Gentiles"

*Father Michael Moran Tells of Events in Nan Feng, Where  
Father Leonard Was Captured Last July*

**A**FTER Father Leonard's death in July, the town of Nan Feng was still in danger from the Communist troops. Early in August I returned here and found the atmosphere charged with fears. Rumors of coming raids were constant. Daily deputations begged Father John Kerr and myself to save our lives by withdrawing to Kienchang. We stayed on, however, until we found that the military garrison in the town had been reduced from 1,000 to 250, while 2,000 Communists were reported to be at hand. News like this puts one very much on the alert. At night the slightest sound around the place would bring one out of bed, covers and all, in a much shorter time than even St. Ignatius contemplated in his instructions to his novices.

Finally, one evening at sundown, we quietly slipped away. We spent the night in a little Catholic village midway between Kienchang and Nan Feng. We decided that I should wait here for some days and that Father Kerr should go on to Kienchang.

## Bandit Raid

On Monday night, however, as I was preparing for bed, I was told that bandits were closing in on the village. That instant shots rang out. Simultaneously all lights went out in the village and dead silence followed. A few seconds later a procession of all the women and girls of the place passed me by. They were groping their way to the hills, not speaking a word as they went.

The men of the village told me that I could sleep while they would watch. I was to put on black trousers instead of white, in order to be less easily seen. I couldn't oblige them in this, as I had only one pair with me! Nor could I very well sleep. So, having celebrated Mass shortly after midnight, I ventured forth and broke all previous speed records by arriving at

Kienchang shortly after the priests there had breakfasted.

**I** REMAINED here until September 8 and then left for Nan Feng again. Hearing that a battle was imminent between the soldiers and the communists in Nan Feng, I halted again at the Catholic village half-way between the two towns. Here the people kept me supplied with rice and vegetables, with an occasional chicken of doubtful age thrown in. On the

**F**ROM the beginning it has been so. Difficulties and dangers are classically missionary. Hear St. Paul summing up his life on the missions of the early Church: "In journeying often, in perils of robbers, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness . . . in labor and painfulness, in much watchings. . ."

12th I pushed on and reached Nan Feng to find that the Communists had indeed raided the town.

## Father Leonard's Slayers

"Oh, *Sen Fu*," I was told, "it was well that you left. 1,000 Communists came. They did all the damage that you see. They had arranged to burn the house, church and schools, but while they were enjoying themselves, the military arrived unexpectedly. The bandits fled and the military followed up with machine-gun and rifle fire. A running fight ensued in which 30 Communists and among them their leader were shot. And, *Sen Fu*, these were the very same men who killed Father Leonard."

The delight of the Catholics that another priest wasn't captured is indescribable.

But the Communists had played all the havoc they could on church

and house. Windows and doors were broken. Communist slogans, including anti-religious ones, were written everywhere. (A Catholic soldier in the garrison claims that the fellow who wrote up these things on our walls was shot by him at the North Gate.) The altars were broken and four of the statues were thrown to the ground.

## The Sacred Heart Statue

The Catholic children tell with pride how the Sacred Heart statue which stands behind the high altar couldn't be knocked, no matter what the Communists did. They even put a rope around the neck of the statue and ten of them began to pull, but they could not move it. The pagans were stupefied, while the Catholics regard it as the power of God.

**T**HE children make all one's troubles light, and for their sake one feels any sacrifice to be worth while.

Recently they had great fun as they watched the people coming out from Mass on Sunday morning. As each person came out, he dipped his finger in the accustomed spot for holy water but as the font was no longer there, his finger dipped into empty space—which made him look very foolish. This the youngsters enjoyed hugely, as they lay huddled in a corner waiting to see who would be the first to discover that holy water fonts and bandits are seldom found in the same vicinity.

## The Only Hope

Just now there is peace but I do not think we can call it permanent. If we only had permanent peace, I believe that the Church in Nan Feng would make giant strides among the 40,000 souls living in its shadow. Never more than now were earnest prayer and generous sacrifice more pressingly necessary.



## Thanks Be to God

**Olean, N. Y.**—For favors granted to us in our business, and per promise made for same, I am enclosing my check to be used in your new work at Silver Creek.

**Buffalo, N. Y.**—I promised publication in *THE FAR EAST* if a certain favor was received. Please accept the enclosed in honor of Our Lady of Victories and the Sacred Heart. It is for your noble work.

**Boone, Ia.**—Enclosed please find donation promised by me as a thank-offering for a favor received—"Iona."

**Hampshire, Ill.**—In thanksgiving for a favor received through the intercession of St. Catherine.

**Brooklyn, N. Y.**—Kindly accept this little offering as a token of thanks to the Sacred Heart and the Little Flower for a favor granted me. Please publish.

**Monroe, Mich.**—The enclosed donation is for Masses in thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and the Little Flower of Jesus for favors received. Please publish.

**Philadelphia, Pa.**—Enclosed is a donation towards the Mission. Will you please publish in *THE FAR EAST* my thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Sacred Heart of Mary, St. Joseph and St. Jude?

**Pittsburgh, Pa.**—Please publish my thanksgiving for a favor received through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Anthony.

**Easton, Minn.**—I promised public thanksgiving in *THE FAR EAST* if certain favors were granted me. Thanks to the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and St. Anthony I obtained my request.

**Chadwick, N. Y.**—Please publish thanksgiving in *THE FAR EAST* for a great favor received.

**Omaha, Nebr.**—Enclosed is an offering for a Mass in thanksgiving for a favor received through the intercession of the Little Flower.

**Stamford, Conn.**—Enclosed please find a donation in honor of St. Ann for a favor granted.

**Kansas City, Mo.**—I am sending a donation to be used for any good purpose. It is part of a promise I made to the Sacred Heart and His Blessed Mother during 1929.



*His Grace the Most Rev. Francis J. L. Beckman, S. T. D.*

## *A Missionary Archbishop*

### *Catholic Student Mission Crusade Chairman*

### *Appointed Archbishop of Dubuque*

**IT WAS** with genuine gladness that St. Columbans heard of the appointment of the Right Rev. Bishop Francis J. L. Beckman to the Archdiocese of Dubuque.

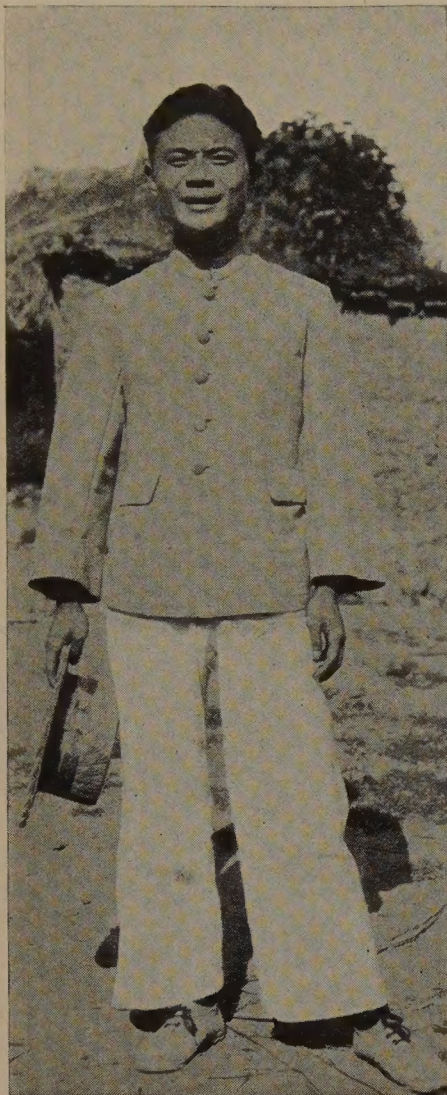
The Archbishop-elect is a friend of St. Columbans on many counts. From the beginning he has been closely identified with the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. For years he has been the active, devoted Chairman of the National Executive Board of the organization. Since 1924 he has been Bishop of Lincoln, a diocese that comes within a few miles of our campus. And during the last illness of the late Archbishop Harty, Bishop

Beckman acted as Apostolic Administrator of Omaha, the diocese within which St. Columbans is situated. We have therefore had many contacts with him and they have all left memories of a deep kindness and a strong zeal.

We congratulate the new Archbishop of Dubuque very cordially on the mark of high trust that the Holy Father has conferred on him. We congratulate Dubuque on the able, earnest and scholarly prelate whom it is to receive as its chief shepherd. And we congratulate ourselves on having him as our Metropolitan.

*Ad multos annos!*





*Young China—a Typical Chinese of the Student Class. Prominent in the Modern Chinese Movement*

### *Young China, and Old*

*By Father William J. Walsh,  
Hanyang*

**T**HERE is an automobile road being constructed from Hankow to some city north of here. It will run within five miles of this place. So many things have been undertaken and then dropped that it is premature to count on this new road. If it is built, it will help us considerably.

Travel is no easy matter here. One buys a ticket for a passage on a steamer but the water may be low on the river and the boat may never reach its destination.

#### **Stranded**

When some of us were going down to Hanyang the last time for the retreat, we got on the steamer at Sien Toa Gen. Ordinarily we should make the trip in twelve or fifteen hours. On this voyage, after a day's journey, we found ourselves at eight o'clock in the evening stranded on the sand, having done only about thirty miles.

After all hope was abandoned of getting the old tub afloat that night or even next morning, we disembarked and tried to see if by any discernment of stars or anything else, we could discover where we were.

#### **Philosophic Father Ryan**

I was sitting on my pack on the river bank, while some of the others went enquiring. Father Ryan was beside me and I remarked that it wasn't worth while attempting this trip to Hanyang.

"Well," said Father Ryan, "I believe it is worth while. I'll tell you why. It gives you a lesson in patience such as you never got before!"

That was a hard one to answer, especially as I knew that Father Ryan had already done three days' journey on horse-back and two by boat to get to where we were then!

#### **All Aboard—a Buffalo!**

Coming back from the retreat, two of the priests, Father McHugh and Father Murray, finished their journey astride water buffaloes, riding them through a flooded section of the country.

**T**HE country is rather upset now. During the year of peace which followed the civil war, things were brightening up. Civic reconstruction was attempted in real earnest in more than one place. For instance, the city of Kiukiang in Kiangsi Province was remodeled. Where previously there was just an accumulation of shacks

erected haphazardly, there is now a street that would compare favorably with any in a Western city. The streets in Kiukiang used to be about ten feet wide and were covered with mud and refuse of all kinds. Now the main street is about half a mile long by forty feet wide. It is paved and has sidewalks. The houses are tastefully built, many of them having plate-glass windows.

#### **A Great White Way in Kiukiang**

The city is illuminated by electricity and looks very well at night. I was there one evening and was really impressed. The people of the town, proud of their new streets and reveling in the improvements, were promenading up and down. Even old people, who perhaps never before stirred out of doors except on business, were delightedly taking the evening air along Kiukiang's gleaming Main Street.

#### **Chinese Architects**

Only Chinese architects and workmen were engaged in the reconstruction work.

I hear that Nan Tsong, another town in Kiangsi, is as up-to-date as Kiukiang. In Hankow, across the river from Hanyang, the native section is also being rebuilt in Western style.



**The Water-Buffalo Draws the Harrow Through the Rice Fields**  
*Father McHugh and Father Murray Rode Back to Their Missions on Water-Buffaloes*



# the Missions

*Great White Way in Kiukiang... Roads*

*...Eighty Mile Sick Calls...*

*Catholics Imprisoned for Faith*

*"How Are the Roads?"*

*By Father Eugene Spencer, Hanyang*

A ROAD in China represents no one man's design. It leads to no particular place. It is, in practice, not distinguishable from tracks that buffaloes have made to their favorite drinking places or that sheep have trodden on their way to pasture. Not that the roads are shifting, inconstant, liable to be changed by any wayfarer. Oh, no; they are as fixed as the northern star and as old as the signs of the zodiac. Therefore let not the presumption of the living attempt what the reverent dead have not dared to do. Let the stones that the ancients have stumbled over remain in the pathway. Let the sharp turn remain forever at the corner of the rice field. This is the theory and the practice, and the impatient traveler will not have gone many *li* before he is thoroughly out of humor with both.

## Watch Your Step

Traveling in the foot-hills calls for cautious stepping. The sides of the hills are terraced to form rice patches, which are banked around with earth and flooded with water, at the proper time, from similarly constructed reservoirs higher up. Along the sides of these terraces the road runs in zig-zag fashion up the hills. In the rainy

season one must be careful to avoid sliding off into the muddy rice fields on the one hand or the reservoir on the other.

## Lotus Leaves

In the valleys there are the usual lotus pools or lagoons where, in the spring, the huge lotus leaves, nearly two feet in diameter, are spread out on the water like lily pads. They form an almost continuous floor for long-legged and long-billed water birds to walk on as they watch out for luckless fish to come near the surface.

## Easy Fishing

In the fall the water is pumped from one section of a lagoon to another and the fish are picked up out of the mud by little brown boys with bamboo baskets on their arms. Here and there a pool is set aside as a buffalo's wallowing place and in these, during an hour or so of the hottest part of the day, these bulky creatures flounder about in the muddy water with scarcely more than their noses above the surface.

The tops of the lower hills are not used extensively for cultivation. But here the buffaloes graze on green pastures and here the pagan dead have been buried for ages. Grave-mounds that are centuries old are still there, carefully tended by watchful descen-



*Master Fu—a Catholic Schoolmaster of Kienchang. He is Fond of His Pipe, the Water-Cooled Engine in His Left Hand*

dants who worship their ancestors on feast-days with incense and gift offerings.

\* \* \*

## Where Chains Are Heir-Looms

*By Father John Loftus, Hanyang*

LAST May I was changed from Yuin Lung Ho to Gao Ran Low, an old "Christianity." Some of the Catholic families here have had the Faith for over two hundred years.

Fifty or sixty years ago, Gow Ran Low was just one of the missions attended from Chi Wu Tai. The priest lived in Chi Wu Tai and had a district to look after that would make two or three fair-sized dioceses at home. The work that the Franciscans—our predecessors here belonged to that Order—have done in not only keeping the Faith alive but spreading it in their various districts in China is certainly a credit to them. For one must remember the fewness of the priests at their disposal.

## 80 Miles on Sick-Call

And here's an extraordinary fact. It is well over eighty miles to Chi

(Concluded on page 20)



**Catholic Women of Kienchang**

*Our Kienchang Missions Had a Record in Christmas Communion This Year. The Catholic Mothers Played Their Part in That Achievement*



## Thabor in the Dark

BY THE REV. JOHN HENEGHAN  
*Missionary of St. Columban*

THE Cross of Christ speaks a language that all men can know; and Christ, our Lord, uttered His mightiest message, not in human speech, but in blood and tears. Men under any sky and in any age can feel the force of the love that drove God to the abandonment of the Cross.

On Calvary was wrought the greatest, the culminating, deed of God's love for man. It was this thing, done on a Spring day before high Heaven, that St. Paul for ever saw before his eyes, fascinated, enthralled by the glory and tenderness of such loving kindness. And he wondered why the whole world could not see the vision that held his eyes by night and day. "Oh, foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, before whose eyes Jesus Christ is set forth, crucified?"

¶ ¶

IT IS the lure of the senses, the satisfaction of pleasure that draws us away from the comfort of the love of the Cross of Christ. The Cross tells of sorrow borne with patience, of a just Man wronged, and of victory snatched from defeat.

Were a friend to do this thing for us, we would haunt his doorstep, and listen for the sound of his footfall, dumb in our gratitude. And yet—and yet, with Jesus we are ungrateful, worse than mean. And mean is an ugly word amongst men. How we fail to see the infinite kindness of Jesus in consenting to endure struggle, agony, death! Which of His followers could endure them, or while enduring them, think of Him with love, had He, too, not endured them? Oh, be sure that it was infinite love on His part to drink to the dregs the cup of human misery.

¶ ¶

TO GO out of oneself, in order to go to God, is the meaning of the Christian's self-denial. By emptying the soul of self-love, by ceasing to make ourselves the center of our lives, by learning to look out and wait for His passing by, we prepare the way for His coming. Religion does not mean an emptying out of all our human yearnings and strivings so much as the filling up of the empty places of our soul with the full spring-tide of His presence.

The Lenten mortification is a preparation as much for the splendor of Calvary as for the glory of Easter day.

No man is exempt from Christ's law of labor,

of sacrifices, of effort, of endurance. And to accept sufferings is not enough; a

generous soul goes out to meet the cross. We must not only be patiently resigned but we must work actively for His cause.

¶ ¶

THERE is work to do for Him by the apostolate of suffering as well as by the apostolate of prayer—for our lives are of value only in so far as they are steeped in the Precious Blood. The greatest work for Christ is done by those who know how to suffer for Him. The drink of His passion is the wine that sets the soul on fire; those who came closest to Christ have worn the insignia of His Royalty, beginning with Mary, the Mother of Sorrows. Why deceive ourselves? Has He not said clearly: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his Cross and follow Me"?

¶ ¶

BOOKS and sermons will not make manifest His sufferings like the revelation that comes to a man when he himself has to suffer and endure. We are more touched, and come closer to Him, by bearing our own cross than through the most rousing exhortations. When the storm of sorrow bursts upon the soul, when we are alone, utterly alone, we stretch out yearning, groping hands, and there in the dark, we find the wounds of our Friend and touch them, and are strengthened in the fierce embrace of suffering.

¶ ¶

CHRIST unites Himself and reveals Himself to the soul in sorrow, and the mountain of Calvary that we tread becomes the revelation of the Mount of love. For each one of us, Calvary is Thabor in the dark, and there we learn the depth and splendor and courtesy and love and mercy of Christ our Lord. Out of it have come the Mass, the pardons of the crowded confessionals, the courage of the sickbed and the consolation and patience of the poor. . .

¶ ¶

IT WAS sheer, utter anguish, that bleeding to death, that dying for three hours, the wounds of the sweet, white body drying in the blowing of the wind and cold. What must be the love, the need, that drove the Son of God to such a crucifixion!





*First, She Was Decidedly Self-conscious, and Her Father's Business Affairs Were Not Quite at Ease in Her Presence*

*Helen*

By  
WILFRID  
O'MALLEY

# Conference

*Illustration by* JAMES A. WADDELL

WHEN Helen Carrigan went off in determined fashion for a Career, no one was very much surprised.

During her course at Marycourt College she had shown symptoms of the state of mind that craves success in business. In high school she had been just a quiet, sweet girl with a good sense of humor and plenty of piety. At twenty, however, partly through her father's influence, partly through her own ambition, she was different. She desired a reputation for efficiency above all else. In her junior year she was business manager of the Marycourt Annual and for the first time in ten

years that publication found itself solvent. As a senior she card-indexed her class notes and filed her bills and personal letters. She read papers before college societies on "Careers for Women" and "Woman's Contribution to Business."

So, when she graduated, everybody knew that while others might have the convent or matrimony as their goal, Helen Carrigan's main aim in life was a Career.

"You've a danger to watch, Helen," said Father Alpen, the lame, elderly chaplain. "Some people go in so hard



for a career that they don't give themselves time to live."

"But, Father, isn't a career your life?" questioned Helen. She had thought all this out.

"Not exactly."

"What's living, then?"

"Saving your soul."

Helen smiled demurely. Priests said that kind of thing anyhow.

SISTER Stanislaus had put many girls through her hands in her forty years as a religious. She knew Helen. The girl had both character and ability.

"Don't lose yourself in business, Helen," counseled the nun. "Be careful not to make a shrine of your desk."

"Yes, Sister," said Helen, absently. Then: "Sister, I'll come and see you often. May I?"

"Heaven help you if you don't," said Sister, lifting a warning finger.

DAN MILLER, a newly-fledged attorney, had his own ideas about the proper career for Helen Carrigan. He had had these ideas for over a year now and was quite willing to declare them in the presence of the pastor and two witnesses. But Helen thought she preferred a Career with a capital C. She liked Dan—there was really nobody else—but she didn't think she'd marry, just yet. Dan still haunted the Carrigan telephone and doorstep. Helen did not banish him. But three or four times she failed to keep a date. "Busy at the office," she explained casually, after Dan had waited an hour and a half. He ceased to come around, after that.

She had gone into her father's office. He was the Carrigan end of Crosby and Carrigan, Realtors. Helen had a grasp of the business before long and was given responsibilities. She went with her father to business conferences. At first, she was decidedly self-conscious, and her father's business acquaintances were not quite at their ease in her presence. But she was not long in steeling herself against embarrassment, and others soon realized that here was a real business woman.

In her father's office she was frequently called in to listen, and perhaps give a discreet opinion, while Mr. Carrigan and Mr. Crosby dis-

cussed their problems. Once, when Dan Miller called to see her at the office, Helen sent word that she was busy in conference. Dan went out, lit a cigarette, threw it away and said disgustedly that he'd be darned.

Her father's purpose in pushing her forward soon became apparent. His health was failing and he could no longer attend in person to all his work. After a while he had to withdraw almost entirely from business and it was with obvious satisfaction

must if they want to pocket anything else, they sat and waited. Helen came out, gushing, and brought them into her own dainty office. There she chatted for a few moments, signed a check for double the amount they expected, and then gave them to understand that this was one of her busy days.

Outside, the two stood and looked at each other.

"Can you beat that!" gasped one, impressed.

"Boloney," said the other briefly.

"She makes me sick."

OF COURSE, Helen's mother was proud of her girl. But there were times when she longed to see more of her. Now that Mr. Carrigan was dead, the days and nights were lonely. Helen was off in the morning at eight and when she came home at six-thirty or seven in the evening, she would often bring a satchel of business papers with her. If she chatted, it was all about titles and mortgages and new subdivisions. Poor Mrs. Carrigan tried to keep from yawning but did not always succeed. Of course, Helen had her amusements. She went to places where she would make contacts. She became associated with a set that was not always as restrained at the Country Club or down-town hotel as it was in its offices.

For all her faith in Helen, Mrs. Carrigan had her hours of worry. And then an acquaintance would meet and congratulate her.

"What a wonderful girl Helen is! You must be very proud of her, Mrs. Carrigan."

And if Mrs. Carrigan let her fears be lulled by such remarks, she wasn't the first mother to do so and won't be the last.

Helen's pastor had misgivings, too, and they were not so easily dispelled. There were Sundays when Helen was too tired to come to Mass. She made several attempts to make the First Fridays but she never seemed to get beyond the third or fourth. Christmas and Easter came to be the only times when she was sure to go to the sacraments.

"Helen, why don't you come out to see us?" came a telephone call from Marycourt College, one day. "This is Sister Stanislaus.

that he saw his daughter practically taking his place. When after a year's ill-health he died, Crosby and Carrigan, Realtors, felt the need of keeping the Carrigan connection, which was largely a Catholic one. So Miss Helen Carrigan was taken into the firm and the papers gave a good deal of publicity to the event, unique in local history. Helen didn't object. That kind of publicity helped business. But it went to her head.

It was some time after this that two collectors for the Marycourt College Library Drive called at her office. They had both been seniors when she was a freshman. But she was no longer in awe of them. They, too, received information that Miss Carrigan was in conference. But she would see them in a few minutes. Pocketing their pride, all collectors



Have you forgotten us entirely?"

"Oh, Sister, don't you know I haven't?" Helen spoke in injured tones. "But we've been so dreadfully busy. Just now I have several important deals going through and—"

"Oh, you have?" Was there the faintest note of raillery in the nun's voice?

"Yes. But, Sister, I'm really coming out to see you. Let's see. I'll be out next Saturday for sure. I promise. . . ."

But on Saturday a box of flowers from a down-town store would come to Sister Stanislaus' office, with an apologetic note from Helen saying that she just couldn't get away. . . . She took her relaxation a little later in the day. At the Country Club.

Still, she never really forgot her old friends at Marycourt. She was always intending to go out some time. . . . And regularly at Christmas Sister Stanislaus and Father Alpen would each receive an engraved card from Helen A. Carrigan. The greetings looked as impersonal as a corner lot in a business section. . . .

Occasionally, jubilant after some successful deal, Helen would come home with an acceptable gift for her mother. Or she would bring her to a theatre and Mrs. Carrigan would glow with satisfaction on being identified as the mother of Miss Helen Carrigan, the city's only woman realtor.

"It's wonderful the careers that girls have nowadays," the mother would think, as she lay awake after coming home. "There's my Helen and she's as prominent and as capable as any business man in town."

But next day, hearing that Mrs. Baur's girl was entering the convent, or that Mrs. Williams' daughter had another lovely baby girl, good Mrs. Carrigan would feel strangely depressed.

THE climax came when one day, tiring after her two hours of shopping in town, she went into the office of Crosby and Carrigan. She rarely did this; she had sensed that Helen did not wish to have home ties mixing into the business pattern. But all the same this little visit at midday would be a pleasant surprise. She would rest a while in Helen's neat office and then Helen would relish taking an hour off for lunch with her.

At the first desk inside the railing, however, there was a girl who had never seen Mrs. Carrigan be-

#### PERSONAL

Dear Everybody:

I just have to do it. Requests from all sides have been coming for Nanky Poo's songs in book form.

So I'm getting a selection together. It's going to have special drawings 'n' everything.

It won't cost much. It will be called "Pudsy Kelly's Gang." And it will be out soon. So save up that dollar or so now and get in on the first edition.

Full particulars next month.

Yours Singing in the Rain,  
NANKY POO.

fore. But she was quick to see that the bashful little lady was not a hustling customer for real estate. Consequently, she took no great pains to get the message right.

Behind a partition Helen's voice sounded. The typist went over, knocked on a glass door, and entered the partitioned office. Helen's voice sounded again, a little irritably, and the girl came out.

"Miss Carrigan cannot see you just now," she said, with a glittering smile. "She is busy in conference. Could you come back tomorrow? Or perhaps you could leave a message?"

Hurt as only mothers are hurt, the little lady in black answered not a word and scarcely seeing where she was going, left the office. Still tired and lunchless, she made her weary way home and cried all the afternoon. In vain she told herself that Helen didn't know who she was, that the flip youngster at the desk hadn't taken the trouble to understand the message. . . . The tears came, nevertheless. She felt as if she had been disowned by her child. This incident, easily explainable in itself, crystallized into bitter conviction the half-repressed doubts and fears and regrets of over twelve months.

But when Helen came home that afternoon, her mother said nothing. It was a year and a half before Helen knew what had happened. And in that year and a half several other things happened, too.

CROSBY and Carrigan, Realtors, did some lucky speculating in home sites on the west side of town. Old Mr. Crosby, cautious from

forty-three years' experience, stopped after a certain point. Miss Carrigan wanted to venture still further and said so. It was mainly on her suggestion that the profitable investment had been made and she felt that she was right in seeing still bigger and better opportunities ahead. Mr. Crosby was stubborn and Helen could not have her way. Piqued, she left the firm and opened an office of her own. Helen A. Carrigan, Realtor, would operate freely now and youthful initiative would no longer be held back by conservatism.

She soon found, however, that mere pique and ambition weren't capital enough to finance big enterprises in real estate. She had to content herself, for a start, with careful, routine business. To hasten the day when she could attempt bigger things, she slaved at her work.

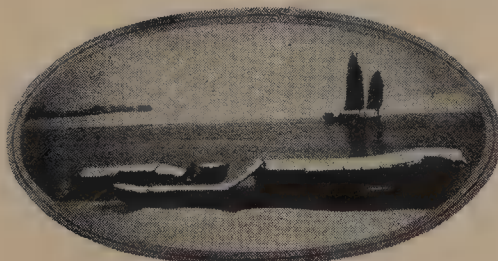
The strain told on her. Her face, once pretty, began to look old, care-worn, tired. Her complexion depended more and more abjectly on mysterious little jars and boxes. She tried to cheat fatigue and nerves by going to the kind of parties that demand long sleeps next day. But she could not afford to lie abed in the morning and would be seen, tired-eyed and sulky, leaving for her office at the usual hour. She lost weight, was often irritable. Her mother made no attempt to counsel her, but just watched, feared and prayed.

HELEN'S first half-year as an independent operator was successful and profitable. She had a personality that people liked. Then, her father's reputation helped her. The Carrigan tradition was one of unfailing honesty and ability.

Eager for achievement, she turned to the west side of town again for real estate opportunities. She still believed this to be a most promising section. . . . There was one street that would surely be paved in a few months and sidewalks would be put in. It was only a raw country road now, but she saw what was coming. . . .

She bought six lots. On one—with borrowed money—she began to build.

She had a woman's gift of taste. And she knew what women wanted in homes. Believing that it is the wife's influence that counts most in home-buying, she planned a home that no woman could see without wanting to live in it. She gave her architect no peace until he incor-



*Winter Calm in China*



## Listen to This!

## Priestly Praise

My first letter to you in the New Year is to wish you Fathers, a very happy and successful 1930 in the great work you have been doing, and to congratulate you on what has been accomplished under great difficulties. I wish to send Bishop Galvin my first New Year's check.

THE FAR EAST is keeping up its high reputation and worthy of the splendid talent behind it. Father P. A. K., S. D.

\* \* \*

Thank you, Father. A word of encouragement from a fellow priest means so much.

\* \* \*

## Compliments

It would be difficult for me to say what I like best in THE FAR EAST. If I was to write all the nice things that I think about it, I should weave, instead of a bouquet, a garland of compliments for you.

I have certainly enjoyed my visits to so friendly and congenial an atmosphere as the editorial office of St. Columbans. God bless it always! May 1930 see even greater good accomplished, greater growth, greater glories for God! Mother G. B. G., La.

\* \* \*

Being human, the editor likes to hunt for his pen in a pile of bouquets. It kind of helps him to think out new ideas.

\* \* \*

## St. Columban Called In

Each season when the boys return to the Seminary, I have them enrolled in your Society. I ask St. Columban to take charge of them, to hold each of them tight in his good Irish hands. K. M. K., Pa.

\* \* \*

There's a mother who knows what the clasp of a Saint's hand will mean to her boys.

\* \* \*

## Another Boost

Thanks, Father, for your wonderful letter. I feel that I am being helped each day from the Masses that your Fathers offer for the benefactors of St. Columbans. THE FAR EAST is a delightful magazine.

\* \* \*

Our prayers are our best thanks to our friends. May they continue to help them!

\* \* \*

## Bigger and Better!

I enjoyed the Christmas number of THE FAR EAST. It was very interesting. In fact, the magazine is getting better and better every month. W. H., N. Y.

porated all her ideas into his design. She spent hours choosing fittings, matching colors, studying all the tiny details that can mean so much. In the front yard she planted shrubs and sowed grass seed. The builder's men became uneasy at the very sight of her. Nothing could escape her keen eye.

The months passed and the tasteful home was finished. People drove out to see it, stepped in carefully from the muddy road, admired the beautiful little house, asked about the terms, and drove home again. At this point everything seemed to hang fire. The street hadn't been paved yet, as the prospective buyers were quick to see. The election on the paving bonds was postponed. Nobody was buying the other lots nearby. . . . Helen had bitten too soon.

SHE had gone deeply into debt to build. In ten months, she had told herself, she would have sold at a big profit and would then build other homes in the same style on the remaining five sites. But now the ten months were gone, the house was unsold and she could not pay the interest on the loan. She sold the other lots to a truck gardener at a heart-breaking loss. But the money helped—as long as it lasted. Soon she was in dire straits again.

Shadows under her eyes, dark circles that no cosmetics could disguise; moodiness and fits of anger; nervous mannerisms—these told their tale of inner forebodings. For two months she defaulted in her interest payments. This could not go on. She saw the crash coming.

Coming gloomily out from the bank one day, she met Dan Miller. He stood.

"Busy, Helen?"

"No," wearily.

"Come to lunch with me?"

"All right." A change from the intolerantly busy Helen of a year ago.

She drank black coffee, ate practically nothing. Dan eyed her.

"Helen, what's up?"

"Nothing, Dan."

"Can't I help?"

"No."

"I wish you'd let me."

She was silent.

Dan leaned forward. He ~~was~~ nervously earnest.

"Will you let me tell you something, Helen?"

She looked at him.

"My uncle has been getting after me to settle down."

She smiled faintly.

"Helen"—there was a catch in his voice—"do you remember the question I asked you after you graduated? Would there be any use—I mean, would you . . . Helen, will you marry me?" The words came with a rush.

This time she did not answer with an almost mocking refusal. Lowering her eyes, she tried desperately to keep from breaking down.

Never had she been so willing to say "Yes." To be engaged to Dan, to marry him, to start home-making with him—what an appealing prospect it was. And she felt that Dan would not ask her again. It was marvelous that he had waited so long. She longed to give the answer that he was begging her for, the answer her heart was already crying out.

But she couldn't. In two days she would be a bankrupt. Dan didn't know. She couldn't trust herself to tell him. It would put him in a terrible position, if she told him now. She would write him a note when she got back to the office.

He was waiting, his right elbow on the table, his tense face thrust forward.

"Dan," she stammered piteously, "I can't. I mean, I don't think I can. Oh, please don't ask me to explain now. I'll—I'll write to you . . ."

"But Helen, for Heaven's sake—"

"Please don't." She rose. "I must get back to the office. No, don't come with me, please."

Back in the office she penned the note. It was brief but plain. She was hopelessly in debt, would be a bankrupt in two or three days. It would not be fair to him to accept him. He would understand. That was all. She marked the envelope "personal," addressed it to him at his office, and mailed it herself.

But as she dropped it into the mail-box, she found herself hoping fiercely that Dan would come rushing into her office next morning with a declaration that if she were fifty times a bankrupt, he would still want to marry her. And if he did, she ~~was~~ sure, wistfully sure, that she would not refuse him.

SHE slept little that night. Next morning, in the office, she could not concentrate on anything. She ~~was~~ calculating anxiously the hour at which Dan Miller would receive her note. Not later than 11 a. m. If he—if he didn't mind marrying ■

(Continued on page 18)



# Loretto Is Calling

*It's Long Distance, Too—All the Way Across the Pacific . . . But the Voice Comes Clear and Bright from Loretto by the Han*

**Y**ESTERDAY, Feast of Our Immaculate Mother, was a glorious day. Eight of our household were baptized: seven little girls and one woman, our Chinese refectory woman. Her little girl is here, too, and will be baptized after a few months. The chapel looked so dear, and we had our first Missa Cantata, thanks to Sister Simeon's musical talents. Father Lalor said Mass at half-past six; then Father Quinlan administered Baptism while the household went to breakfast. At eight-thirty Father Quinlan sang the second Mass. In the evening Father Wang gave Benediction assisted by Father Quinlan. Days like these are our real joys in this pagan land.

## "Home" for New Year

When we were coming from Hankow the other day, we passed a large junk piled high with coffins. As the coffins were sealed, we knew that they were not empty. The boatman explained to us that they were being taken home for the New Year. Chinese all wish to be buried in their native place. The coffins contained the remains of those who had died away from Wuchang, their home, and now were being taken thither. It is sad to see the family bow down to adore the spirit which is supposed to be in the coffin.

On Chinese New Year the children got some toys, and going into the church, we found St. Joseph had been presented with a toy pipe, while to the little Jesus and St. Anthony a horn each had been given.

## Prayers versus Vaccine

I am on the vaccinating job again. Did ever so many Saturday and shall begin again today. I have more faith in the prayers I apply than I have in the old vaccine. But it is well to be

on the side of popular opinion sometimes, so if any cases break out and we are asked if the children have been vaccinated, we can say they were.

## Fall in Glass

We followed your instructions about putting our salt shakers under our tumblers to keep out the dampness. But after Sister S. had broken two glasses by knocking them over, we decided to return to our wet salt. Better economy was one reason for the change; but we are quite content to have the shakers even outside the glasses. They are a wonderful improvement on open dishes as salt containers. Sister S. says that she can't understand why the glasses over here are so fragile, and, sure enough, they do come to hash very quickly on our table.

## Into 83 Will Go

We already have 83 girls, and we have 86 beds. Because of the great demand for places this year, we are going to double up and put two girls in a bed wherever we can. So many are undersized that it is not difficult to fit them in. They do not know how to sleep in these foreign beds we have. They are not used to springs.

## Turn About

The other morning one of the youngsters was crying and asked Sister S. to give her a bed by herself, because she fell out where there were two in a bed. Sister said, "Which one of you slept on the floor last night?"

"I did," answered the little one that was crying.

"Well," said Sister, "now, tonight, you sleep in the bed and let the other one sleep on the floor."

They looked at her in dumb amazement, but there was not another word out of them.



## In the Nursery

*The Sisters Delight in Leading these Little Lambs to the True Fold*

We would not exchange our poor girls for anything. They are the portion allotted to us by God, to help along the road to Heaven; and to accomplish this, your prayers are badly needed, for paganism is deeply rooted in their hearts.

## No Such Luck!

Yesterday the two packages you sent arrived, viz., the "Seidel Products" and the hymn books. We are delighted with everything. We pounded the box and sifted the excelsior to see if a Sister might drop out, but no such luck. The *Loretto Echoes* were a genuine treat. I knew three of this year's grads.—Rosemary, Delfina and Catherine. Tell the girls to pray for our little Hanyang mission and to aid both spiritually and with alms. We appreciate all that has been done in the past and our Chinese girls chant a prayer daily for all benefactors.

## The Night Alarm!

Our doggie Fraulein is now an "Amazon" of her type, and is beginning to take on more dignity and reserve as befits the importance of her position as guardian of this institution. The night-watchman was dismissed at the beginning of this month and the place turned over to her. Our man was so quiet that we never knew if he were on the job or not, but our "girl" is so boisterous that we have bade good-bye to our peaceful slumbers, at least until we get used to her.

Love to you, dear Mother, and to each Sister there as if named.



# THE FAR EAST

Published with Ecclesiastical Approbation

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Address all literary communications to the Editor, St. Columbans, Nebr.

Address all business correspondence to the Manager, St. Columbans, Nebr.

Note—Sixteen days should be allowed for a change of address to be made effective.

Member of the Catholic Press Association.

VOL. XIII

MARCH, 1930

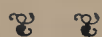


No. 3

## Lenten Training

SELF-DENIAL is the training of the spiritual athlete. And for practical equipment in the spiritual training camp, there is nothing more serviceable, more easy to get, or more convenient for the average man (or woman), than the mission mitebox.

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## Wholesome Saving

WHEN a mitebox arrives, it should be put where it can be seen constantly. It will thus remind you of the countless opportunities for giving instead of spending. There are innumerable little luxuries that one can give up without injury to body or soul, perhaps with benefit to both.

We read, for instance, in the Bulletin of the Catholic Theatre Movement that only fifteen out of sixty-nine plays now showing in New York are fit to see. The preceding Bulletin—last October's—placed four out of fifty-three on the white list. We don't know what proportion of motion pictures would qualify for a white list but we are certain that no more than a proportion would.

Here are obvious opportunities for safeguarding one's soul (and other souls, too) and for exercising one's mitebox. Similar opportunities present themselves in connection with books and magazines. His Eminence Cardinal Hayes has recently warned his flock of the appalling harmfulness of many—we could almost say most—of the secular periodicals commonly sold.

It is surely a scandal to pay to theatrical producers or publishers, as a reward for rottenness, money that

would build churches for the shelterless Eucharistic Christ, would support hard-pressed priests and Sisters, or would feed the famine-stricken on the mission fields.



## St. Patrick

THE chief importance of a missionary's work is not what he personally achieves but rather what he fits others to achieve. He may do no more than place the torch in the hands of a few scattered converts. But these and their descendants may spread the light until a whole nation is illumined.

St. Patrick converted the Irish of the fifth century, then probably less than a million people. But his real work is far more than that. It is symbolized today by St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, and St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne, no less than by St. Patrick's Cathedral in Armagh, Ireland. It is a living force in the Argentine and in Canada, in Africa and in China. . . .

Today, nearly fifteen centuries after St. Patrick landed as a missionary bishop in Ireland, we can realize the greatness of his work better than could any on-looker of his own time.

That should help us to realize the vast possibilities of the work that the missionaries of today are doing. It should also stimulate us to assist them.



## Going to the Source

IN THE end it is the grace of God, and only the grace of God, that converts and saves souls. It demands human cooperation; it is applied through human instruments. But without grace all the human instruments in the world are as straws. And though the straws be multiplied beyond all count, the last of them will never break the back of the camel of unbelief.

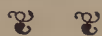
To bring the grace of God to play on darkened minds and stubborn wills is the work of the missionary.

By prayer and sacrifice we tap most directly and most copiously the reservoirs of grace.

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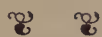
Therefore your Lenten Masses, Holy Communions, Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, Rosaries, Stations of the Cross, supported by your Lenten mortifications, can be used to produce great fruit on the missions.



### *The Little Flower At Work Again*

ANOTHER notable convert regards the Little Flower as the means by which God set her on the right road. Sheila Kaye-Smith, English novelist, wife of an Episcopal minister, was received with her husband into the Catholic Church some months ago. Writing in the Dublin Review, she says that in 1925 she became interested in St. Thérèse.

"It is difficult," she says, "to describe the impression this young saint made upon me. . . . It was rather the realization of that sanctity, that heroic virtue, that sublime love being offered to the modern world. . . . And when I looked at her, I saw not merely herself, but the living unfailing fountain of sanctity which is the Church that made her what she was."



### *The Little Way*

CONVERSIONS lead to conversions, and one soul conquering is winning battles for others. A young member of the Catholic Evidence Guild in England writes: "I have already heard of seven young men converted in one parish owing to Vernon Johnson (who has also ascribed his conversion to the influence of the Little Flower). . . . Father Martindale says that half London is writing to him to ask for instruction, owing to Sheila Kaye-Smith, whom he received into the Church."

And the instrument through whom God's grace has worked so forcefully is a frail nun who died thirty-three years ago at the age of twenty-four.

What did St. Thérèse do while on earth? Her life could be summed up in this: she prayed and suffered trustfully and lovingly.



*Saint Patrick, Pray For Us*

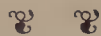
### *Good King Wenceslaus*

IT WAS a happy thought of the National Alliance of Bohemian (Czech) Catholics to publish in pamphlet form an English translation, by Father Thomas J. Vopatek, of the Letter written by His Holiness the Pope for the thousandth anniversary of St. Wenceslaus, King and Martyr of the Czechs.

Good King Wenceslaus was indeed good. He is another saint whose life has been a valuable religious force beyond, as well as within, his own time and country. He was a missionary saint, for he was martyred, as the Pope points out, for virtues that included an "ardent zeal in propagating the religion of Christ."

Leader of the Czechs a thousand years ago, St. Wenceslaus is followed today, in the new world as in the old, by Czech priests and people, active not merely in keeping the Faith but in spreading it.

From Colum up (or should it be down?), we of St. Columbans have daily experience of Czech generosity to the missions.



"Yes! I have a weakness for China! Indeed one could neither add more glory to God nor save more souls than by working for the conversion of that great country." Pope Pius XI, speaking on June 16, 1925, to three missionary Sisters of Charity from Shanghai.

## ENTS

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## Helen in Conference

(Continued from page 14)

bankrupt, he'd call or telephone at once.

At 11:15 her telephone rang. Her hand shook as she took up the receiver . . . But it was only a call—an unpleasant call—from the bank.

The minutes wore on to noon, to half-past twelve, to one o'clock. Helen did not go out to lunch but sat toying with papers at her desk. One-thirty, two o'clock. Dan hadn't come, hadn't telephoned. Two-thirty, three . . .

The world had turned utterly gray and cold to Helen Carrigan as she rose from her desk at half-past three, told her stenographer that

she was leaving for the afternoon, and started for home.

So Dan Miller didn't want a bride who was deep in debt. It was hard to blame him. It would mean years of poverty for him. Or a stigma of bankruptcy that would ruin his practice. And yet she had thought that Dan Miller was different. . . .

Waiting for her street car, she suddenly decided that she would not go home. It was too early. Her mother, who did not yet know her girl's anxieties, would wonder what was the matter. Helen shrank from breaking all the bitter news to her.

Going into a corner drug store, she called her mother from the telephone booth, telling her that she would not be home till late.

She would take the car out to Marycourt and see Sister Stanislaus.

IT TOOK her an hour to go out. The late afternoon sunshine still filled the frosty air as she left the car and walked slowly up the tree-lined avenue. Wistfully she turned to look at old familiar landmarks—the grotto, the summer-house, the rustic seats, the tennis courts in the distance. . . .

A few girls—youngsters who were in eighth grade when she was a senior here—passed her on their way to catch the street car citywards. She was a stranger to all of them. She could hear their chatter and laughter even after they had passed the bend in the avenue, and she heard it almost jealously.

Feeling old and a failure, she trudged up the stone steps, scarcely knowing why she had come, wondering what she would say to Sister Stanislaus. . . .

Sister Stanislaus was in her office, the same bright, trim little office. And Helen's knock on her door was answered by the high, clear "Come" that Marycourt girls had been hearing for nearly three decades. Reassured by the familiar voice, Helen swiftly turned the knob and entered.

The genuine warmth of the nun's greeting reassured her far more. With a sense of having found a refuge, the tired girl let her coat fall from her and sat back in an old easy-chair—another familiar object.

Keen-eyed as ever, Sister Stanislaus was quick to see that something was wrong. She was tactful enough not to enquire bluntly. Helen would talk in her own time, she decided. And Helen did.

SITTING limply in the chair, her head bowed, her left hand shading her eyes where the tears were fast gathering, Helen told her story. It was a confused telling and the uneven voice was halted here and there by something very like a sob. The nun listened quietly, putting in a few questions. Then, when she thought that Helen had finished:

"So you're sure there's no chance of—of staving this off?"

"None whatever, Sister. I've bills coming in from all quarters and I'm dead broke. The only thing that could save me is somebody buying that house I've built on Montrose Street—and buying it in the next twenty-four hours. To say the least, it's not likely."

"Does your mother know, Helen?"

"No. I dread telling her."

"She'll understand."

"She may. But it will kill her. Particularly after—after Father had won such a name in the city."

Nanky Poo has written you an important letter. You'll find it on page 13 of this issue. It has good news for you.

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Sister Stanislaus was silent for a moment. Then:

"You mentioned Mr. Miller; Helen—Dan, I mean."

"Yes, Sister. Just what I told you. He asked me again to marry him. When I sent him the note saying I was up to my neck in debt and going bankrupt, he didn't answer. That can have only one meaning. I don't blame him."

"But you'd accept him, Helen, would you? You're willing to settle down and make a home?"

Almost in a whisper the answer came: "Yes."

There was a long pause. The nun was thinking, perhaps praying. When she spoke, there was a practical note in her voice.

"Well, now, Helen, let's see what can be done. The first thing is to look at all this as God's will in the circumstances. He means it for some good end, to teach you a lesson of some kind, to bring you some special light, perhaps—"

"Sister—" Wearily.

"Yes?"

"I don't know whether I believe in God any more." Helen's voice sounded thin and far away. She spoke without looking up and waited, half expecting a shocked outburst. What did come was a quiet question that went with disconcerting accuracy to the mark.

"When were you at confession last, Helen?"

"Months ago, Sister."

"You haven't been saying any prayers to speak of, have you?"

"No."

"And you've been missing Mass on Sundays?"

"Sometimes."

"And perhaps your amusements—"

"Yes, Sister." Helen's cheeks were burning. And still it was a relief to find that the Sister understood. . . .

Helen was crying now, crying her heart out. Gently a hand took hers and with infinite sympathy the words came: "My poor child! God help you!"

"Do—do you think God has any use for me any more?" The question was sobbed rather than spoken.

"I know He has." There was assurance in the answer.

Outside the sun had gone down. Lights were beginning to show in the windows of the college buildings. On the campus the bare trees stood black against the crimson afterglow and slowly merged into

the deepening dusk. Over where the Sisters' cemetery lay, a robin had been singing and the notes seemed to linger on the crisp air. Remote and soothing came the faint sound of the organ from the chapel, where someone was practising in the twilight. . . .

Helen raised her head and stared out through the window opposite her chair.

"Sister, is Father Alpen still here?"

"Yes, dear."

"Does—does he still hear confessions in the chapel before supper?"

"Yes."

"I think"—very slowly—"I think I'll go down and go to confession, Sister. I'll come back here afterwards—may I? . . . And—and say a prayer for me, Sister. I may find it hard."

Sister reached for her beads.

"I'll be saying the Rosary for you," she said. "And don't be afraid. Our Blessed Mother will help you."

**H**ELEN had been only five or six minutes out of the room when Sister Stanislaus, beginning the third sorrowful Mystery, heard an auto drive recklessly up the avenue and stop, with a creak of brakes and a crunch of gravel, at the main entrance. A few minutes later there was a knock at her door.

"Come," she called, laying down the beads, a little regretfully.

A young man, wearing a heavy grey overcoat and holding his hat and motoring gloves in his hands, stood in the doorway.

"Excuse me, Sister. My name is Miller. Don't you remember me—Dan Miller?"

"I certainly do remember you, Mr. Miller. Are you—are you looking for anybody?"

"I am, Sister. I'm looking for Helen. I mean, Miss Carrigan. Is she here?"

"Yes, she's in the building. Won't you be seated for a moment?"

Dan Miller sat down, though his impatience was obvious.

"Her mother told me over the 'phone that she had come out here, Sister. And I guessed that your office was the place to find her. She'll be back here, will she?"

"Yes, in a few minutes."

He bent the rim of his hat to and fro nervously. Then he spoke again. "You see, Sister, she sent me a letter that came after I had gone out of town. I was called upstate last evening to make a man's will for

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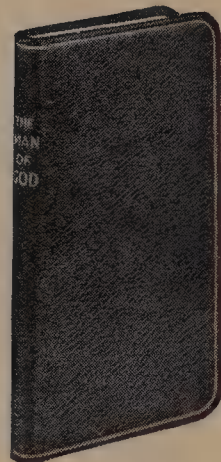
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him. I didn't get her letter till an hour and a half ago. I'd like to see her at once—"

Sister Stanislaus could not keep from smiling.

"It must be very urgent, Mr. Miller."

"You bet it is, Sister." He noticed the smile. "Sister, I believe you know all about it. You're Helen's best friend and adviser and all that. She won't mind if I talk to you about it."

Sister said nothing.

"You see, Sister"—his words came in a torrent—"I didn't know she was so heavily in debt. But it wouldn't make any difference if I did. That's one thing I want to tell her. I'd take on her debts and pay them, if I could. And if she had to go bankrupt, I'd marry her anyhow."

Sister nodded, smiling.

"She must think me a pretty mean guy when she didn't hear from me after sending me that note. But as I said, I didn't get it till this afternoon. But it sure was sporting of her to insist on telling me that way. But here's the funny thing—"

Sister Stanislaus wondered whether she should let this eager young man confide so freely in her, but he gave her no chance to stop him.

"If Helen means what I think she means," he went on, "she's not going broke at all. My uncle—he's well fixed—he's had his eye on that new house of hers and he wants to buy it for me, if I'll settle down. Sort of wedding present. I didn't want to tell her until she had—until she had accepted me. It'd look like blackmail the other way."

"Well, will this be in time?"

"About the house? You bet, Sister. My uncle will write that check tonight. We'll have all Helen's affairs fixed up by noon tomorrow. Gosh, where on earth is she, Sister?"

Sister Stanislaus rose.

"I'll see if she's ready. . . You can come with me, if you wish."

He jumped up.

"But say, Sister, do you think I've taken the right meaning out of her note? I mean, that she'll marry me if the other thing is fixed up?"

Sister Stanislaus, her hand on the door knob, smiled.

"I think so," she said. "In fact, I'm certain. Come this way, Mr. Miller."

**D**AN MILLER, his face radiant, followed the nun down the corridor, up two steps, across a lobby, down two steps and into another

corridor. Sister Stanislaus was well over sixty but she walked so swiftly that Dan, treading heavily after her, was in danger of breaking his neck on the waxed floors. Finally she halted at a glass-paneled door, through which a faint red glow shone. . . . It was a side entrance to the college chapel.

She opened the door gently and looked in.

The chapel was dimly lighted but two figures could be seen. One was Father Alpen, who had just left the confessional and was limping through the sanctuary to the sacristy. The other was a girl, kneeling in the pew nearest the altar. The soft light of the sanctuary lamp showed her head bowed, her hands clasped before her, her shoulders heaving slightly.

Helen Carrigan was praying before the Tabernacle, and praying from her very heart.

Sister Stanislaus opened the door a little more widely to let Dan Miller see, too. Recognizing Helen, he would have brushed by and gone in, but the nun raised her hand. Then she closed the door noiselessly.

"Wait another few minutes, Mr. Miller," she said softly. "I'd sooner not disturb Helen just now. She's busy—in conference!"

## Where Chains Are Heir-Looms

(Concluded from page 9)

Wu Tai. Yet the Christians always went for the priest for a sick-call. And very, very seldom, if ever, did the sick person die before the priest came. What sterling Catholics the Chinese can make!

### Hallowed Chains

Several of the present generation among my flock tell with pride how their grandfathers suffered for the Faith during the persecution in which Blessed Gabriel Perboyre, C.M., was martyred in Wuchang. They were jailed and asked to apostatize, but they refused. Those who were subsequently released brought home with them the chains that had bound them. One such chain is still an heir-loom of a family living just behind the church here. . . . Only the Cross can explain the rapid growth achieved by the Franciscans in those fifty or sixty years.

**T**HE two years that have followed the recent Revolution and persecution have been a period of flux.

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## Editor's Inn

Meet the members of the cast in this production entitled the March FAR EAST.

\* \* \*

Father Alphonsus Ferguson has made Yo-Ba, his mission in the Hanyang Vicariate, familiar to FAR EAST readers. Ordained in 1918, Father Ferguson sailed for China as one of our pioneer band in 1920. The children of China seem to appeal particularly to Father Ferguson, and he to them.

\* \* \*

Father W. S. McGoldrick, formerly Associate Editor of THE FAR EAST, has not closed his ears to the call for "copy." In spite of his heavy duties as Procurator General in Shanghai (976, Avenue Joffre, Shanghai, is his address), he finds time to write and to write well. We have more articles of his in the ice-box.

\* \* \*

Father Michael Moran, ordained three years ago, was with Father Leonard as assistant in Nan Feng. After Father Leonard's heroic death last July, Father Moran has been in the line of fire more than once.

\* \* \*

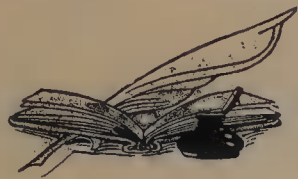
A busy supervisor of building activities in Hanyang Vicariate is Father William J. Walsh. . . . Father Eugene Spencer will be remembered by alumni of Mount St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, where he studied before joining the Society of St. Columban. . . . Father John Loftus is another of the younger missionaries in Hanyang.

\* \* \*

We hope to publish one of Father Heneghan's articles each month for the rest of this year. You will find them to be the kind that you want to clip and keep.

Nevertheless, Catholics, apostates and pagans alike have seen Peter's Bark riding the rough seas without foundering. And now movements here and there towards Catholicity seem to augur another era of progress for the Church in China.





# Your Difficulties Solved

Send your question to THE FAR EAST, St. Columbans, Nebr. It will be answered in this department.

*Non-Catholics are cordially invited to send questions.*

*Questions received before the first of the month will be answered in the following month's issue.*

## Long Engagement

"... I know that long engagements are not encouraged, but I suppose circumstances alter cases. I would like to have your answer.

R. O. S.

**F**URTHER postponement is hard on you, and has its dangers. Your fiancé may have various duties and debts to discharge, but you have your rights and duties, too. It would be better for both of you (presuming he is a suitable partner in life for you), to get married now, even if it meant a financial strain.

Meanwhile, the actual matter you mention has particular dangers, and as often as not leads to sin. Read "Youth's Pathfinder," by Father Fulgence Meyer, O.F.M. (\$1.50, at St. Francis Bookshop, 1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, O.), and for more detailed guidance consult your confessor.

\* \* \*

## Signs of Vocation

"What is the first sign of the divine call? I have been praying for about two years and I go to daily Mass and Communion."

(Miss)——, Ill.

**L**ET'S take it this way: What are the signs of a candidate eligible for the religious life?

First, you must have an honest will to become holy in God's service as a religious. This will is not necessarily a *feeling* of attraction. You could have the will and still feel reluctance.

Secondly, you must be suitable for the life. This implies a character not merely good but adaptable; sufficient strength of body and mind; freedom from any obligations that would demand your staying in the world; and you must be of a proper age.

We'll say something about each of these requisites.

"A good character" doesn't mean that you must be a saint, though of course it won't disqualify you if you are one! Absence of gravely sinful habits (a daily communicant never has these) and a temperament that responds to training and instruction:

there's the raw material that God's grace and the skill of the novice mistress will certainly form into a good Sister.

Fair health goes a long way. And so does poor health sometimes. If there's any doubt, the Superior to whom you apply will decide. If she decides against you, apply to another Order. Give a vocation every chance.

The degree of education and ability required varies with the different Orders, according to their fields of labor.

By "freedom from any obligations etc." I mean not having aged parents to support or any duty like that.

The minimum age is fifteen. There is no fixed limit at the other end. St. Jane Frances de Chantal was nearly forty when she became a nun; so was Mother Seton. A good general rule about age is: the sooner you enter, the better.

If you have these signs of eligibility for the religious life, there is no reason for delaying longer. Don't wait expecting inner revelations or a guarantee of absolute certainty. As soon as there is sound probability that you have a vocation, take no risks. If there is a little doubt, give God and your soul the benefit of it. Enter the novitiate to safeguard your vocation if you have it, to satisfy yourself that it isn't there, if you haven't.

\* \* \*

## Copying Paganism?

"Aren't some of your beliefs taken from paganism? Your magazine and others tell of pagans in China burning incense and having images in their temples. The Catholic Church does so, too. These are pagan customs."

W. M.

**P**AGAN customs or human customs? The Fiji islander takes his night's rest lying down. So do I. Do I therefore owe the idea to the Fiji? Or does he owe it to me? Isn't it more sensible to say that it's the natural thing to do anyhow? We both do it because we have the same human nature.

It's natural for man to do certain things in his religious worship. Even

if he has the wrong religion, he may have some right ways of practising it. Similarly he may have fifty-seven mistaken beliefs but with them he may have one or two fundamental ones that are true—such as the existence of a Supreme Being and the reality of life after death. If you see a vague similarity between some Catholic doctrine or practice and some pagan doctrine or practice, it means just that there are some things so obviously reasonable that even a poor pagan in China can't help seeing them to be right.

You must also allow for the fact that the human race is all one family with a common ancestry in our First Parents. The race scattered and all except one tribe degenerated into paganism. But among all there remained some memories of the primitive revelation given to Adam and Eve. So even in the darkest forms of pagan error you will find some dim rays still straggling from that far dawn of the true religion. Belief in an early racial calamity—the Fall, in punishment for sin, in sacrifice, in a spirit-world; all this springs from that early family history that the human race has in common.

Finally, remember that God has sealed with His express approval the use of incense and of images. See, for instance, Exodus, XXX, 7, 8; Luke, I, 9; Numbers, XXI, 8, 9.

\* \* \*

## Husband's Duty

Is it a sin for the husband to deceive his wife in money matters and not to give her enough to educate, feed and clothe the children properly? She can hardly keep bills paid, while he is putting away money for I don't know what.

M. H., ILL.

**D**ECEIT is always a sin, if it includes lying. Whether it is a sin of injustice as well as of untruthfulness will depend on the circumstances.

The husband is bound to give his

(Continued on page 24)





# Hints for the Home

## Health Hints

### PYORRHEA Cure

Research work by Drs. Bass and Johnson of Tulane University has shown that 90 per cent of pyorrhea is caused by the endameba bacillus. For this germ emetin, the active principle of the drug ipecac, is a specific remedy. It follows that treatment at the hands of a competent dentist will cure 90 per cent of all cases of pyorrhea.

### CANKER Sores

Canker sores are usually due to some mechanical injury or may be due to an excessively acid condition. The treatment consists in frequent applications of tincture of iodine or a 10 per cent solution of silver nitrate. Both of these are poison and should be applied to the sores by means of a toothpick wrapped with cotton.

### COLD Sores

"Cold" sores about the mouth and nose are now considered to be of nervous origin. They are relieved by frequent applications of spirits of camphor or compound tincture of benzoin.

### MOUTH Wash

Bad taste in the mouth may be due to the lack of hygiene of the mouth itself, to infected teeth or tonsils, or to a diseased condition of the stomach or intestines. A pleasant and useful mouth wash in this condition consists of equal parts of boric acid solution, glycerine, cinnamon water and alcohol.

### DUST in Your Eyes

To remove a particle of dust, cinder or other foreign body from the eye, wash the eye with salt solution, either in an eye cup or by means of a medicine dropper. An application dipped in salt solution may be used very gently. If a cinder is imbedded in the white of the eye or the cornea—the transparent part of the front of the eye ball—do not attempt to remove it. Put a bandage lightly over the eye to keep it at rest and go to a doctor at once. The scar formed by the healing of a wound is not transparent, so a small injury may seriously affect your eyesight.

## Knowledge of Vitamin Values is Useful for the Cook

VITAMINS are those substances found in foods which are necessary for proper growth and development and for the prevention of disease, as well as the promotion of general well-being. At present we have four vitamins which have received much attention.

Vitamin A, a deficiency of which results in malnutrition, stunted growth, low resistance to infections of eye, ear, lung, and glands; is found in largest amount in butter, cream, egg yolk, spinach, cod liver oil, carrots, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, pineapple, prunes, peaches and avacados.

Vitamin B, a deficiency of which results in loss of appetite, stunted growth, constipation, nervousness, muscle fatigue, beri-beri (in man) polyneuritis (in animals) and pellagra; is found abundantly in cereal germs, whole grains, yeast, nuts, legumes, spinach, tomatoes, asparagus, egg yolk, (milk varies), cabbage, onions, parsnips, turnips, cauliflower.

Vitamin C, a deficiency of which results in malnutrition, retarded growth, scurvy, sore mouth, stiff joints, tooth defects; is found in greatest amounts in raw oranges, lemons, tomatoes, pineapple, berries, cabbage, lettuce, onions, turnips, potatoes, asparagus, apples, bananas.

Vitamin D, a deficiency of which results in rickets, (soft bones, poor teeth, skeletal deformities); is found in cod liver oil, egg yolk, whole milk, lettuce (especially leaf lettuce and the outside leaves of head lettuce); ultra violet radiation, gained either by direct exposure to sun's rays or some artificial source, produces an effect which is physiologically the same as Vitamin D.

\* \* \*

### Chocolate Egg Nog

1 tablespoon cocoa	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup hot water
1 egg	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
2 ts. sugar	Vanilla

To a well beaten egg, add sugar, milk and vanilla. Dissolve cocoa in hot water, stirring over direct flame. Boil one minute. Pour both mixtures into a shaker and shake well with ice. Makes 1 serving—269 calories.

\* \* \*

### Graham Mush With Dates

$\frac{3}{4}$ C. graham flour	6 dates
$\frac{1}{4}$ Ts. salt	1 C. water (boiling)

Blend flour with little cold water and pour into boiling salted water; stir until smooth and thick. Cook over hot water at least one hour. Clean dates, remove stones and cut each in four pieces. Add before mush has finished cooking. 2 servings—total 279 calories.

\* \* \*

When brown sugar becomes too hard for ordinary use place it in a bag and keep it for several days in the bread box, keeping the lid of the box closed. The moisture absorbed by the sugar will soften it.

\* \* \*

An individual miniature candle holder made of a colored gum drop, with a lifesaver handle, topped by a small candle, makes an interesting and pleasing table decoration for special occasions. These are cheerful bits to add to the trays of sick folk.

## Letters to Polly No. 28

DEAR POLLY—Thanks a lot for the magazines. I have been browsing through them under the light of the old kerosene lamp.

I see the American talkies have caused something like a free fight over in England. Guess it must be tough on an Oxford graduate to witness the murder of his native tongue. Over there, too, they punish crime seriously.

Slang may not hit it off so well in a banquet speech, but when the last word is said, slang can never keep a man a day longer in Purgatory.

Profanity is different. An old padre told me once: "America is more free in its use of profanity than any other nation in the world." If he's right, isn't it an unfortunate line to lead in?

Polly, youngsters don't get their careless use of the Holy Name out of a clear sky. Parents are to blame half of the time. Undesirable companions, the other half.

Tell Jack to be careful. It's so easy to put the children on the wrong track.

UNCLE BILLY.



# Stitches *and* Styles



## Springtime Displays

MY DEAR SISTER:

Although March may come in like a lion, and, in spite of the calendar's insistence that spring is here, continue to rage like a regular winter month, it is nevertheless the time to start making preparations for spring—and it is probably the month you have set aside for planning your spring sewing, and doing most of the work too. So it is a good time, then, to look over the new spring and summer fabrics that the stores are displaying so attractively, and to begin the exciting business of selecting patterns for your own and the children's clothes.

\* \* \*

You may be surprised to find, when you start to buy your materials, that a good deal of attention is being paid to woolens. Most of us think of woolens as suitable for wear only in the coldest part of the winter, but what with the new weaves that are now being offered, and the delightfully lightweight cloths that one sees everywhere, wool fabrics have become suitable for costumes that will be worn all through the spring, and perhaps even well into the summer.

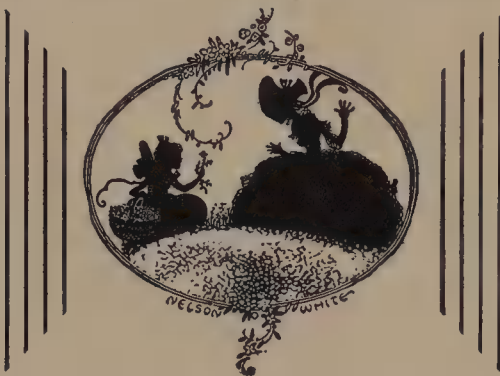
\* \* \*

The names of some of the new woolens suggest their lightweight quality, for they are similar to those used for the cottons and silks that are familiarly cool. There is wool voile, wool georgette, and wool crepe, all of which are light enough to look and feel like silk, and have the added advantage of tailoring beautifully—and they are easier for the home dressmaker to work on than silks, too.

\* \* \*

So you won't be making a mistake if you select at least one wool frock for each member of the family. But of course you can't neglect the old reliable silks, either. This year, dull-surfaced crepes are better than those with shiny finish, and much to everybody's surprise, bright reds and greens and blues are expected to be better spring colors than the familiar pastels,

though the latter will come in more strongly for hot summer days. Printed silks are still with us in profusion, too, though this year they seem to be worn more in the really dressy frocks, for which chiffon or



silk voile is used, while the plain colors get more attention for the tailored frocks that are worn for street, business, or general wear. Cottons are due for the biggest year in their history, but I grant it is just a little early to start making up such a decidedly summery material, so we shall have more to say about them later.

\* \* \*

Then, in selecting patterns for yourself there are a few important

things to remember. For instance, skirts are still long—three or four inches below the knee for general and sports wear, and five or six for afternoon frocks. And dipping lines are less smart than even hems, and the waistline, defined or merely suggested, hovers around normal, with due regard to one's individual requirements.

\* \* \*

At any rate, doing the spring sewing promises to be a very fascinating business this year, and I know you are going to have a lot of fun with it.

Your loving sister,

MARION.

## Pleasing Patterns



6753. For Junior and Miss.—Cut in 4 Sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16 year size requires 4 yards of 39 inch material. For contrasting material  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 39 inches wide is required cut crosswise. To trim with edging requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards. Price 15c.

6764. Boys' Suit.—Cut in 3 Sizes: 2, 4, and 6 years. A 4 year size requires  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard of 35 inch material.  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard is required for the pockets and muslin or lining, cut crosswise. Price 15c.

These patterns will be mailed to you for 15c each. Address: Home Department, THE FAIR EAST, St. Columbans, Nebr. Give size.



## Pastors! Parents! Sisters!

### The Little Story with an Important Message

"Here's a little story about four boys who read your booklet *Fishers of Men* a few years back, while still in the same parochial school. One is a student in the Trappist monastery in Iowa. Two others are at Quigley Prep. here in Chicago. And one—our own boy—is in his fourth year in the Passionist Prep."

## FISHERS OF MEN

### A Talk on Vocations by the

REV. PAUL WALDRON  
Rector, St. Columban's Major Seminary,  
St. Columbans, Nebr.

Price ten cents, postpaid  
A dozen copies for one dollar

Thousands of copies of this  
helpful little book have been  
sold.

Order from the Publishers:

THE SOCIETY OF  
ST. COLUMBAN  
St. Columbans, Nebraska

## Your Difficulties Solved (Continued from page 21)

wife enough to pay all reasonable personal and household expenses, and enough to feed, clothe and educate the children according to the family's state in life.

There is no obligation on him to tell his wife just how he is disposing of the balance of his earnings. At the same time he is not free to dispose of them in any way he likes. It would be better if he confided in his wife.

Even though a husband is failing in his duty, there is need for prudence in protesting. One might easily cause greater evils.

\* \* \*

Enquirer (Ypsilanti, Mich.)—The question is easily answered, but more suitably by mail. We shall be glad to reply, if you will send your address.

\* \* \*

S. M. E. W. (Detroit, Mich.)—  
1. The condition you mention regarding the children must be made by you and the other must sign a guarantee to carry it out. Otherwise you could not be married. 2. We advise you strongly to end the acquaintanceship, especially in view of the direct conflict between his avowed intentions and your clear duty. Consult your pastor or confessor.

## Books

Anything that encourages the use of the Missal is always welcome. The *Sunday Missal* of Father Lamsance, including a 26-page study plan entitled "Read Mass with the Priest," by Father W. R. Kelly is published by Benziger Brothers in a student's edition at \$1.00.

\* \* \*

Ingenuity has joined forces with zeal to give us the *Leaflet Missal*. It is a handy pamphlet giving in English the complete continuous text of the Mass for each approaching Sunday. Those who are learning to use the Missal will welcome this briefly-annotated 16-page leaflet, the 52 issues of which are mailed, four at a time, to a subscriber for \$1.00 a year (10% discount on lots of 100).

His Grace Archbishop Dowling has given his cordial approval to the project, which is conducted by Father Paul Bussard and Father Edward F. Jennings of the Archdiocese of St. Paul.

The plan is too good, too helpful, too close to the mind of the Church not to deserve hearty support.

\* \* \*

Father Daniel A. Lord, S. J., always writes attractively and forcefully. Recent pamphlets of his are *Marry Your Own, Don't Say It*, *Fashionable Sin*, *Prodigals and Christ*, *When Mary Walked the Earth*, and *A Traveler in Disguise* (10c each; *The Queen's Work*

The Jesuit Mission Press, 257 Fourth Ave., New York, publishes neat, attractive and well-written pamphlets on missionary themes. Three ten-cent pamphlets are *Forward America!* *Pius XI, Pope of the Missions*, and *The Philippines, Isles of Gold*. A brief vocation story is told well by the Rev. F. H. Mahoney, S. J., in the five-cent pamphlet, *A Boy and a Girl*.

\* \* \*

Father P. J. Buissink, of San Rafael, Trinidad, B. W. I., has compiled a selection of apt *Passages from Holy Scripture*, etc., for use on memorial cards. The book is now in its second edition and costs 80c. Father Buissink publishes also *The Way of the Cross*, a book of twenty-five sets of prayers, each based on some special devotion of virtue, for the Stations of the Cross (\$1.00: from the Rev. Author).

\* \* \*

The Rev. Vigilius H. Krull, C. PP. S., gives a series of meditations on Our Lady, one for every day of May, in his book, *The Blessed Virgin Mary* (\$1.00, M. A. Donohue & Co., Chicago). Genuine devotion has inspired these reflections, based mainly on the Bible and the early Fathers.

\* \* \*

We welcome *Sponsa Regis*, a unique periodical that has lately appeared in the Catholic field. It is a monthly review devoted to the spiritual interests of Sisters. We wish the zealous Benedictines of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., blessings in their latest enterprise.

### "True Scholarship"

#### Montalembert's Saint Columban

Edited with Notes, Critical Studies and  
Map by the

Rev. E. J. McCarthy, S. S. C.

"A work of true scholarship"—

Ave Maria

Price \$1.85

### "Verve and Surging Vitality"

#### Songs of Youth

by

Patrick O'Connor

"So much of beauty we have not  
in many a day."—Ave Maria

Price \$1.00

Order from the Publishers:

The Society of St. Columban  
St. Columbans, Nebr.



Published Every  
Now and Then--  
Particularly Then

# Young Folks Times

Edited by Colum and Nanky Poo

Weather Forecast:  
It's Likely to Be  
Warm Next July.

Vol. II, No. 1

St. Columbans, Nebr.

MARCH 1, 1930

Price: What Have You

## BUNKVILLE BOY ESTABLISHES ENDURANCE RECORD

### Believe It or Won't You? . . . By Dipley



Pupps Bowwow has been broadcasting on a chain every night for the past twelve years.



Billy GoJump, Pa., refused a second piece of cake on his birthday.



Grinny Wilhelm, Calif., at the age of 10, could spell atrociously.



J. Troutman, Mo., angler, has the longest line in existence—his line about his catches.

If you can't prove these wonders neither can we.

### FINISHED TEST YESTERDAY

#### National Recognition

Another endurance record has been hung up, this time by a Bunkville boy.

The town that has given to the country its champion fence-sitter, its champion sneezer, and its champion ear-wiggler, today honors another of its sons as a champion—Jonathan Holdit, of 3562 Tite Avenue.

Jonathan's endurance record is in keeping a nickel. He has held on to a nickel longer than anyone else in the country, as far as is officially known. It was given to him on his fifth birthday and not till yesterday, at the age of 17½, did he part with it. He completed his endurance test when he finally acceded to urgent entreaties and gave the nickel to Jackie Mitebox. "If it wasn't for Mitebox," he complained last night, "I'd have that nickel still."

The young champion gave an interview to a TIMES representative in which he described how he had nursed that nickel through the years. Once he was in danger of losing it. He saw his home going on fire and almost decided to use the pay-telephone at the drug store and call the fire engines. However, a neighbor turned in the call and the engines came. Jonathan's great-great-grandfather lost a dime once in a gopher hole in Arizona. The result is known as the Grand Canyon.

Owners of five- and ten-cent stores in many large cities have telegraphed the young champion, offering to buy him a one-way ticket to Timbuktu.

### BULL MARKET Wall Street News

Yesterday's market was mainly bullish. One trader on the curb went home in tears because he couldn't bear it.

Consolidated Chewing Gum was firm until somebody began to chew it. Reports that Amalgamated Ice Cream was going into liquidation caused a little flurry.

On the whole the trend was upward, however. General Scooters advanced six points, but failed to add the extra point. (Kicking was poor.) A. T. and Coffee remained strong, thus keeping everyone awake.

### Cookery Hints Special Recipes

#### Fudge à la Tra-La

Get an ounce of sugar and an ounce of butter. Mix well and add to the first nut you meet.

Add more butter and whistle a stirring tune. Then boil with indignation.

Try whatever comes out, on the dog. If he eats it, shoot him at once. He's mad.

#### Cookies à la Cookoo

Take a large cupful of flour, some yeast, raisins and a tablespoonful of milk.

Do the best you can and if cookies are a result, send us a wire.

#### Mince-Mite

To make good mince-mite for minns (ionary) pie, use plenty of dough.

### Heart to Heart Talks with Polly Pink

Dear Polly Pink—I am very fond of Ted. We have known each other for a long time. But he hasn't been himself of late. Whatever do you think is the matter? Please, oh, please advise me! I enclose his photo.

Heart-Broken.

My dear Heart-broken, I sympathize with you deeply. But I think I know what's wrong with Ted. Judging by the photo, you're over-feeding that dog.

### On the Air Tonight

7 to 8—Denny Murphy practicing saxophone in Murphy's attic.

8 to 8:30—Local glue factory goes on the air. Shut your windows.

10 to all hours—Casey's cat will broadcast.

### The Blindfold Test



Ed Whazzit, blindfolded, recognizes *The Far East* at once.

"How do you know, Ed?" asks his friend Phil.

"I can feel the points in the jokes," answered Ed.

Hold *The Far East*  
and you HOLD  
GOLD.

(It's worth its weight  
in it.)

Not a Flop in a  
Carload

Manufactured by  
*The Far East*  
St. Columbans,  
Nebr.



# Our Correspondence Course

Mail  
Service  
Open  
Night  
and Day



Each  
Letter  
Gets  
Personal  
Attention

These Boys From Iowa Are Not Brothers, But All Four of Them Have Taken out a Membership in the Colum Family of Little Missionaries. They are (left to right): Harold Simon, Joseph Macke, Fabian Ryan, James Seigner

. . . , New York

Hello Colum! I think that you are very clever, for no Little Missionary has discovered you. But now, Colum, if you tell me who I am, I'll send you the five dollars that you promised to the best detective. Just publish the first letters of my name. . .

Let me think! I got it! Miss E. L. Whee-e!

\* \* \*

M. E. Schutter, Ill.

I was delighted with your letter. I'm sick in bed today. You should see me. Mumps, Colum, mumps!

Indeed I will not "mumps."

\* \* \*

Victoria Hefner, N. Y.

You can write the nicest letter, Colum, and you sure could make anyone pray for the missions. I am praying for them every day. I must close now, Colum. It is time for my cod liver oil.

Ugh! Ugh!

\* \* \*

Mary C. Hartsell, Ont.

My cat was in a fight and got his foot cut. Gee, Colum, you should see him! Daddy has just bandaged it up, and he doesn't know what to make out of it.

Guess he thinks he's a sparring partner to a new heavy-weight champ.

\* \* \*

Little Missionary, Ind.

Now, I'm in a muddle. I wrote to Nanky Poo—'Cause Sister suggested it, and I wrote to Colum 'cause. . .

'Cause you wanted to. "Ain't I right, ain't it?"

\* \* \*

Agnes Russell, Brooklyn

Well, well, it was certainly fine of you to write me such a lovely letter

## The Prayers of the Little Ones

It is very gratifying to be able to publish an almost complete list of the prayers and good works that have been offered for St. Columbans during a period of two months.

Only God, Who knows the value of a single aspiration, can measure the priceless worth of so many prayers—what secret springs for good they will touch in pagan hearts,—how many souls who, when life is done, will be able to trace the first of God's graces to their efficacy.

Sincerest thanks to Colum's Little Missionaries and to their teachers, the good Sisters, who have made this wonderful Spiritual Bouquet of prayers for St. Columbans what it is.

Masses offered .....	99
Masses heard .....	14,552
Holy Communions .....	10,760
Visits .....	15,762
Stations of the Cross.....	5,668
Rosaries .....	14,988
Benedictions .....	3,997
Thirty Days Prayer.....	1,284
Prayers .....	327,093
Aspirations .....	4,927,347
Self Denials .....	15,992
Special Devotions .....	32,335

Total Good Works.....5,369,877

Every child in every school can be a missionary in a very real sense.

Send for a Spiritual Bouquet Card today. Tomorrow, you will have begun to save souls.

Address: Colum, St. Columbans, Nebr.

on my birthday and I want to thank you a million times. I'm a pretty big kid to be hearing from you, but just the same, I get a great "kick" out of your letters and I believe I always will.

Say what you will, there are lots of nice folks in the world still.

L. M. Club, Buffalo

We just organized a little club and we are going to collect dues every week. We have six members and hope to get you at least a dollar month.

See, you don't have to be a cop to put a good club into swing. Who's next to collect a dollar a month for Colum?

\* \* \*

Charles Schillo, N. Y.

I like your column in THE FAR EAST very much. I have only one sister and she's fourteen and she's always fighting with me. What do you say to that, Colum?

I say I don't like it.

\* \* \*

Straws in the wind forecast a big missionary year at St. Joachim School, N. J. Scores of St. Joachimites have written to Colum during the past month.

A thousand welcomes, little pals! You must have known that Colum is a letter fan to the last feather.

## Birthday Greetings to

sixty of Colum's Little Missionaries who are celebrating this month. The editor refused point blank to publish their names in THE FAR EAST.

"No space," he gave as an excuse. But you and I know that space or no space, the Little Missionary world has a right to front page news in the Birthday line.

What do you say if we elect a new editor? Some one who'll give us service. Colum is no job-hunter, but if elected, just watch what he'll do. Write and tell me that I may have your vote. (Smiling Profusely): Thank you!



# The Mitebox Hour

## PART TWO

### Colum Before the Microphone



At His Ease

*Ambrose Hoffman, a New Friend for the Missions, Comes from Vail, Ia.*

**D**ON'T be surprised if you hear that Colum has been run in for cruelty to birds.

Know why?

He has been squeezing half dollars so hard that the eagles have begun to scream.

\* \* \*

Lent is coming real soon.

It's easy to miss the spirit of it.



In a Huddle

*Two of this Quartette are Ready to Enter the Missionary Sisterhood. Left to Right: Catherine Palya, Frances Hoza, Anna Quarrek, Catherine Hoza*

There is no Lent without some sacrifice. Some "act" of some kind.

No, I don't want you to fast. That wouldn't be good for you. A "break-fastless" little Columite wouldn't be worth a shake of salt at his lessons. He'd cry with hunger in the forenoon. And he'd die with it before evening.

But there is some real fasting, little pals, that you *can* do. You can fast from shows and candy. That won't hurt you a bit.

\* \* \*

**D**AD, I bet, will put out his cigar for Lent. Mom will go to daily Mass. Fine! Just what you'd expect from the fathers and mothers of Colum's Little Missionaries.

And you? What's your program going to be? Will you let Colum suggest something? Daily Mass and Holy Communion if you can. That's No. 1. Hop out when you hear the first stirrings going on in the kitchen. The morning nip will flag the yawns 'fore

you know, and the coffee will taste "extry" good when you have done something to earn it.

No. 2. Have your Mitebox handy. Collect the savings. Your own and the folks'. At Easter, you'll be surprised to see how big Jackie will have grown. From a lean, little bantam weight you will have converted him into the heavy-weight champ. of the missions.

\* \* \*

**I**F it wasn't good for your own souls, little pals, and extra good for the missions, I'd never ask you to save. Shucks! I can see the hole in your pocket even from this distance. And if I had only myself to worry about, I'd take every Mitebox that I get and mail it right back to where it came from. That's the kind of pal Colum is.

But there are missionaries who just can't get along without you. Priests and sisters who won't be sure of their next meal if you quit them. That's reason enough why Colum can never be a give-your-money-back man. What you give, folks, is given for keeps, given for God, given to help save souls. It will be given back to you, a hundred times over, in eternity.

\* \* \*

**W**HEN is Colum like a two cent stamp?

After a good licking and a punch on the head—that's when.

Gee! I wish I was a millionaire. Then, I'd never get licked. No, I don't either. I take that back. All the millions in the world wouldn't buy the five-and-ten cent sacrifices that my Little Missionaries can make during Lent. Let me have these and I'll be happy as a king.

\* \* \*

And don't forget!

There'll be a big prize list at Easter for the folks who are nicest to Jackie Mitebox. And there'll be a special Colum souvenir for everyone. (Take another look at the February FAR EAST. It'll sharpen your appetite for one of Colum's prizes.)

\* \* \*

**W**HOOPLA! Let's get busy!

And let me tell you how you can make your very first Lenten sacrifice.

Don't turn over this page until you have cut out the coupon below and mailed it to Colum, St. Columbans, Nebr.

Done it? Fine! Bless your heart! —I knew you would.

COLUM.

'Lo Colum!



Send me ■ Jackie Mitebox by return mail. I want to save for the Missions.

Always your Pal when you need me.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....





*When Wise Owls  
Sit in Council*

### Couldn't be ■ Nun!

I know you are a boy. You just couldn't be a nun. Whoever had that suspicion didn't know boys and didn't know nuns. Like all boys, you are an "awful" tease. You get a great "kick" out of keeping us in suspense about you.

Next, I think you are a Brother and I imagine you are plump enough to be good natured. Your real name must be, I am certain of this, either Kelly or Murphy.—BETTY KELSO, ILL.

\* \* \*

### Wouldn't be Peggy O'Neill?

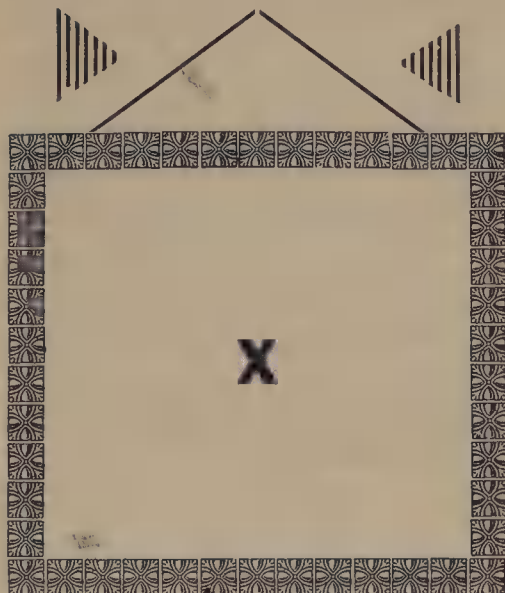
I'm out to solve the Colum Mystery Case. Your eyes are blue as skies and your teeth are true. I bet you'd look cute in a 1930 derby.—S. G. PUSATERI, N. Y.

\* \* \*

### Wonderful Way with You!

You are a priest of St. Columbans. Middle-aged, twinkling eyes, with n'awfully jolly disposition.

You have a way that draws children near to you and you are not happy unless they are around you. And you work hard to get the prayers of America for the missions in foreign lands.—EDITH DEAN, N. Y.



### Is This ■ Frame-Up?

*You Will Notice, Folks, That  
When this Picture Was Taken  
There Was an Unfortunate  
Blank Look on Colum's Face—  
Especially Around the Vicinity  
of the X*

# Detectives Are

*Extracts from the Letters of Little Missionaries Who*

*Case . . . . The Dawn Comes . . . . The Rooster*

### —The Winning Letter—

You write like a priest, Colum. Nuns would never say "Gee!" . . . You're genial, stubborn, sympathetic, and sometimes the pathos in you could move a garden wall of sturdy rocks. Yet, the humor of you! The sparkling wit!

I believe, Colum, you like things on a large scale. You are set on God's love to save souls. You remind me of Tom Moore, the "balladman" of Ireland, who wept and laughed as no one else; of the Piper who played so melodiously that little children followed him. When I think of you in music, I think of a strong march, of a gay, merry tune, rather than of a fairy, delicate-like song.

I have tried to make you see yourself, Colum, as you are seen by—MYRA LOCKER, LA.

### Feet not Twins

You are Chinese and you were raised in China, Colum. Here is my picture of you. One foot is bigger than the other, but I should worry! From your pal, "PATSY" from Iowa.

\* \* \*

### Who Said So?

I think you are a young boy, raised in a scrap book and passable in your looks, and I imagine that you are full-blooded American. You use slang in your letters, so you can't be a priest.—M. A. HULSE, N. Y.

\* \* \*

### The Peacemaker

Mr. Colum, I don't think that you were in the war or it wouldn't have lasted so long. If I ever get as far as Nebraska I'll have to see you.—EILEEN BROGAN, N. Y.

\* \* \*

### Colum's Toll Bridges

I think, Colum, that you have red hair and freckles. Maybe you have a couple of bridges, and I bet you have large ears, for you hear well.—AGNES DEERFLER, MINN.

\* \* \*

### Big Shot

You're a priest, Colum. There is no doubt about that. And I think you are a big shot at St. Columbans or else



### Little Mary Cassidy

*Mary Was a Happy Girl on Her First  
Holy Communion Day*

you couldn't have gotten that extra space in THE FAR EAST.—EDNA MAE GUTMAN, OHIO.

\* \* \*

### The Church May Protest

Being a priest, Colum, I know that you keep your hands in your pocket, for most priests do that. You must have a fine education, for without it you could not be so witty.—R. M. BUSH, N. Y.

\* \* \*

### Maybe So!

How about coming out from behind that corkscrew, Colum, and telling us who you are? Gee! anyhow, you're surely a ripper! I'll bet any money you are Father McCarthy.—L. OBERT, NEBR.

\* \* \*

### The Colum Smile

Colum, I bet you have red lips, always parted in a kind smile for souls. You have hands that are always open to receive pagans to the Catholic Faith. And, Colum, of course you are a priest—full of fun.—CATHERINE MORGAN, PA.



# On Colum's TRACK

*Delve into the Darkness of the Colum Mystery  
Crows . . . But Colum, Like Hamlet's Ghost, is Gone*

## Sandy, but not Scotch

I think that you are a priest and a college graduate, balancing the scale slightly on the plump side. Your Irish eyes are bluish grey, and your hair is sandy brown. You can't be old, because if you were, you could not have such fun in you.—R. HAUBENSCHILD, ILL.



## Upside Down

*Colum's First Flight was Such a Thriller That He Hadn't the Time or Nerve to Pose for a Picture on the Wings of the Plane*

## Wrong Scent

You are a brother, Colum. I am sure of that. And you are in between plump and lean of either Scotch-Jew or Irish descent. I have drawn you, but made a mistake in the nose.—MARY STRASSEL, N. Y.

## Prefers Blondes

I think, Colum, that you are a wise-cracking College girl. Blue eyes and not too plump without false teeth and with blonde hair.—HOWARD FITZGERALD, LOCKPORT.

## Two Storied Chin

First of all, mystery man, you are a priest. Your hair is separated in the middle by a bald spot. You are a Harvard graduate and were a good athlete in your day, but I can't say for sure have you kept it up. You are rather plump with a double chin.—PATRICIA O'SHAUGHNESSY, ILL.

## Like Dad

No, sir, you are no Sister. You are a priest about dad's age, and you have had your own share of trouble. But like dad, you know that it pays to be jolly. Why, when you were down and out with your new Seminary, you still kept your humor going and you just

made me fill another Mitebox so that I could hear from you again.—M. T. JANKE, S. D.

## If You're Irish . . .

If you are Irish, you ought to be proud of it, Colum.—C. HARRINGTON, FORT DODGE.

## Say That Again

Colum, wasn't your mother a good Irish woman and your father a German? That's the best combination, or vice versa. And you are somewhere between forty and sixty. Just a teeny weeny bit bald in the center of the top of the back of your head. "Didja" get that straight?—MARIE MARX, WISC.

## Exile from Erin

You are an Irishman with blue eyes and you are a brother to the Colum of the Irish FAR EAST. And they put you out of Ireland because you wanted to make her free.—MAIRE NI MUIRCEADA, BROOKLYN.

## Oh, What a Mystery am I?

In the first place, Colum, you are a priest. Gosh! if this picture that I'm sending isn't you, it's your twin brother.—ELEANOR WINANDY, ILL.



*While Bill and Bobby Roher, Ill., Were Stopped for Gas, the Camera Clicked and Here's What It Caught*



## Will Die, Fighting

Colum is not a war veteran, but he is a present day soldier, raised to the rank of a missionary in the most powerful army—God's. Nationality is Irish—or else it is nothing less than purely American.

Why do we have to be bothered with the item of teeth? They are very important with dogs, but I am sure that no one is afraid of being bitten by Colum.—IRENE WEBER, OHIO.

## Colum, the Priest

I have concluded that Colum is a priest, because the excellent spiritual and temporal advice found above his name, could come only from one who has had a long time to form a keen insight into the lives of young people.—FRANCIS DUFFY, OHIO.

## A Bonnie Wee Lass!

I believe that you are a Chinaman, Colum. Or maybe you are Scotch. Yes, I think that's what you are—a Scotch girl—too tight to tell us what your name is.—MARGARET SCHEMMER, IOWA.

## Loyal and True

Colum is a missionary, full of fun and a magnet of attraction for all his Little Missionaries. He is the combination of all the good humored people we know. He can make us laugh and yet he can be sorry for us when we are in trouble.—PHELAN L. MS., PA.

## I Wonder!

A young Irish priest, Colum,—that's what you are. An intelligent, reddish blonde—slender fellow, and you sure were raised in a scrap book.—ROBERT HEALY, S. D.

## Only a Bird License

We, the Junior Class of St. Mary's, have gotten wise as to who this mysterious fellow is. You're a priest. A little bird warbled it to us when we were discussing THE FAR EAST in class. What are you going to do about it?—L. MS., NEBR.



### The Cheer Leader

Of course you are a boy. I believe that you are Chinese and I can just picture you in the time of war, cheering up your companions and helping them to keep up hope.—D. SCHEUNEMAN, BUFFALO.



*You Don't Have to be a Squirrel to Make a Good Wise Crack*

### Fair Enough!

You are a Brother and therefore, a boy. You have blue eyes and you might have been in the war. You are Catholic, too. And you are German nationality.

\* \* \*

### A Comedian, Too

Yes, Colum, you are a priest. You have the priest's mind. Your letters show it. But you are a comedian too whom everyone loves.—WILFRID DIRR, OHIO.

\* \* \*

### Good Fellow

You are a big, jolly good fellow full of fun and jokes. I think that you have your true teeth—white pearly ones, but you may have any language for all I know. You must have traveled a lot, and you surely love the poor heathen children and pray for them.—C. ZUPELIS, PA.

\* \* \*

### Ting-a-ling! Time out!

Apologies to the Little Missionaries whose letters do not appear on these pages. The Editor just couldn't squeeze them all in. Over 150 competed.

Sh! Here comes Colum to draw the contest to a close . . . . .  
HELLO FOLKS!

You are all to be congratulated on your splendid solutions to the Colum mystery. And now, folks, I have a message for you. Won't you follow me carefully?

Gurgling with delight, this mystery man (if he is a man!), glides to the middle of the stage, tugs his toga of secrecy around him, and thus attired, renews his unflinching loyalty and gratitude to his Little Missionaries everywhere.

I want to remain forever your friend, your own Colum—as long as Missionaries are little enough to laugh and cry with me—as long as little pals can step to the march of God's love, carrying with them their prayers and their mites for the success of St. Columbans in the foreign mission field.

I thank you, my best and kindest of little friends.

# The Conjuror Bows

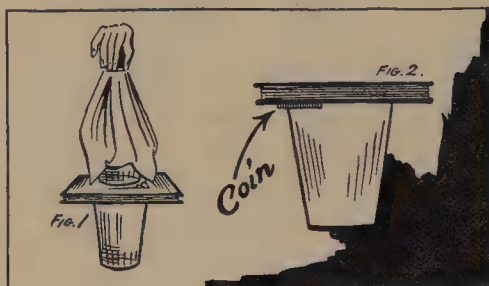


Here's a trick, folks, that'll baffle the wits of any audience.

Colum takes two glass tumblers. One is empty and covered with a book. The other is half filled with water.

O. K., Billy! Just let me have that half dollar of yours. No? Come on, son, be a sport! I'll give it back. Attaboy! Thank you.

See, folks, I'm now placing Billy's half dollar in the centre of a handkerchief. Just skip right up, Billy, and you yourself can do the trick. (Fig. 1 shows Billy's performance.)



One! Two! Three! Let the half dollar drop at three. Fine, my boy! See! There it goes, falling down, down—right through the bottom of the first glass, straight through the book, jingling along to the bottom of the lower glass.

Wonderful! I'll say! And useful! You betcha! Why, when you can master this trick you ought to be able

to coax a fortune from dad's pocket for Jackie Mitebox (dad, of course, must be resting quietly before you begin), or if you want, you can pack an elephant, trunk and all, through a concrete sidewalk and have him come out in Australia! It's the same idea—**Solid through Solid.**

AND HERE'S THE SECRET, FOLKS!

Conceal a watch crystal (half-dollar size) in your right hand. Wrap this in the handkerchief instead of Billy's half dollar. Then, place the real half dollar on the edge of the glass and conceal it with the book, which will help keep it in position. (Fig 2 shows correct position of coin.)

The rest is as easy as shooting alligators.

The conjurer keeps his fingers close to the book. At the exact instant that Billy drops the contents of the handkerchief, the conjurer moves the book slightly, sending the half dollar into the lower glass.

The watch crystal will be invisible in the glass of water and if dropped into it, concaved-side down, it will adhere to the bottom of the glass, giving the conjurer a chance of mystifying his audience still more by pouring the water from one glass to another.

**Next Month: The Floating Pencil.**

### Winners in January Contest

1. Martha Hamburg, Kansas City, Mo.
2. Benedict Vanderheiden, Randolph, Nebr.
3. Dolores Obringer, Munhall, Pa.

Seventy-five Little Missionaries competed in this contest. The prizes were awarded to those who were first on the field with correct solutions. Six complimentary prizes were also awarded.

It's important to send your contribution early. First three correct ones that are opened get the prizes. This rule will hold good in all of Colum's Contests.

### Are You A Stamp Fan?

Write for details of our special offer of desirable foreign stamps. We can start your collection for you.

Write NOW to

Stamp Dept., St. Columbans, Nebr.

### Literary Contest

FOR EIGHTH GRADE AND UP

**Subject** (any one of the following three):

1. What I like BEST in THE FAR EAST and WHY?
2. There's CHINA enough at HOME!
3. The VOCATION I want to Follow.

*Short essays, right to the point, will get first consideration.*

THE EDITOR HAS THREE VERY ATTRACTIVE PRIZES FOR THE THREE BEST CONTRIBUTIONS SUBMITTED.

Send essays to reach Colum, St. Columbans, Nebr., on or before March 25.



# Nanky's Line

*This Month It Can't Help Being a Line of MARCH*

**M**ARCH! Quick March!  
Just naturally that's the message  
for this month.

\* \* \*

It's a month for putting your best  
foot forward. And then bringing your  
second best up pretty smartly from  
behind.

Lent starts this month. And Lent's  
a time for reg'lar Catholics to go into  
real training.

\* \* \*

Our souls have been getting a bit  
soft, maybe. Let's work out the old  
muscles. Limber up. Life's a track  
meet. Be a good athlete of God.

\* \* \*

How is it done?

How does any athlete do it? He  
stops eating things and doing things  
that would make him flabby. He gives  
his muscles plenty to do.

That means, for my soul, staying  
away from softening dainties and lux-  
uries. Exercising myself by prayer.

\* \* \*

**I** REMEMBER being in a California  
town—give you two guesses which  
one—on Holy Saturday (day before  
Easter) four years ago. It was about  
11:45 a. m.

I was walking along past the en-  
trance to a neighborhood movie thea-  
tre. A boy was standing on the side-  
walk. He stopped me and asked me the  
time. I told him.

"So I haven't much longer to wait,"  
he said.

"What are you waiting for, sonny?"  
I asked him.

"Waiting for noon. Lent's over at  
noon, isn't it?"

"Yes, and what are you going to do  
then?"

"I'm going in here to the movies,"  
he said. "I haven't been going in  
Lent."

\* \* \*

He looked about old enough for  
sixth grade. But he was a big guy in  
God's eyes.

He had made a resolution for Lent  
and he was keeping it. He was keeping  
it good to the last drop. And he was  
taking care not to spoil even the last  
drop.

Nobody there to watch him. Money  
in his pocket for the show. Crazy to  
see it. But nothing doing, until Lent  
was up.

**M**ASS and daily Communion for  
Lent. That's absolutely the best  
resolution of all. Offer them at least  
three times a week for the missions.

Then, give up something. Something  
you like. I wouldn't call giving up cod  
liver oil or spinach a good Lenten  
resolution. A better one would be to  
take 'em both, in double helpings.

And save your mites for Jackie  
Mitebox. For the missions, which are  
the dearest interests of the Sacred  
Heart. If you refuse, you're not refus-  
ing just Nanky or Jackie or Colum.  
You're refusing the Friend Who lived  
and died for you. You're refusing Our  
Lord.

\* \* \*

I knew you wouldn't. Attaboy.  
Come on, Lent, let's go! Quick March!



**Sweethearts**

*Two Little Chinese Sisters*

## *The Elephant Song*

**O**H, the elephant tried to board a  
train

And it gave his feelings a jar;  
When they said: "You may ride in  
the coach, but your trunk  
Must go in the baggage car."

The elephant's ingrowing nail was  
sore

As he walked along, one day;  
So he stepped through the window into  
a store,  
And that took the pane away.

The elephant's letters were not  
stamped,

So he laid them on the ground,  
And he took two jumps and he  
stamped real hard.  
Now the pieces can't be found.

The elephant saw a traffic cop,  
And said: "Officer, here I am.  
I've a slice of bread at home in my  
room;

Would you give me some traffic  
jam?"

The elephant saw a music ad.,  
And he answered it one day;  
And the people laughed as the chair  
collapsed,

When he sat down to play.

The building was thirty stories high.  
The elephant took a look.

"It hurts my neck," said he. "I prefer  
My stories in a book."

The elephant got a movie job.

"Just smile," said the camera man,  
"Act natural while we shoot you  
there!"

And boy, how that elephant ran!

The elephant sang for the phono-  
graph;

And he thought it very queer,  
When they said: "No, you made no  
record at all,

Though you broke all the records  
here!"

As Jackie Mitebox said good-bye,  
(He was off to another clime  
To put on weight) the elephant said:  
"Now, be sure to have a good dime."

A fellow who never said his prayers  
Walked up to the elephant, but  
The elephant turned to his keeper and  
said:

"Call a squirrel. Here's a nut."

The elephant heard me singing this  
song,

And he went right up in the air.  
He's hitting the ceiling and when he  
comes down,

I don't intend to be there!

NANKY POO.





# A TRAIL of SMILES



"Dad, what's a parasite?"

"A parasite, son, is one who goes through a revolving door on another person's push."

\* \* \*

## Time Out

"Hear about Bill?"

"Naw."

"Got thrown off the squad. Told to tackle the dummy. He downed the coach."

\* \* \*

## In a Watch It's Tick . . .

Julia: "I just can't stand a watch that ticks loud."

Jeweler: "But madam, they all tick the same way."

Julia: "Indeed they don't, sir. Why, years back when I was a baby, I was quite familiar with the 'Silent Watches of the Night.'"

\* \* \*

## Change to Doughnut

A colored lady came regularly for her pay. Not being able to write, she marked her receipt with an X. One day she signed differently. She made a circle.

"What's the matter, Louisiana?" inquired the boss. "Why don't you sign as usual?"

"Why," blushed Louisiana, "Ah done got married aforenoon an' Ah'se changed ma name."

\* \* \*

## Speaking of Buttons

"So you want a wife who can sing, and play, and so on."

"Yeah. Especially that last one."

\* \* \*

## Mixing Dates

Great-Auntie: "You see this lace, dear? It's fifteenth century."

Dorothy: "How perfectly wonderful! Did you make it all by yourself, Auntie?"

\* \* \*

## No Trick Missed

"What do you want with a new frock?" demanded the husband.

"Why, you thoughtful, good man!" chuckled his wife. "A new hat, of course."

\* \* \*

## Information Please!

"Round trip ticket, please," shot the excited traveler through the agent's window.

"Where to?"

"Why, back to here, of course."

## Seeing's Believing

"Some of them bank fellows are pretty slick with their fingers."

So Sam Simpson said when he returned from a week-end visit to the big city.

"Saw a guy down there behind bars, and I'll be darned if he didn't have to keep a wet sponge alongside him to stop his fingers from getting hot."

\* \* \*

## Tastes Like Poison

A New York business man stopped to change tires in a desolate country region.

"I guess," he remarked to a farmer, "that the slump in Wall Street made the bare necessities of life go up, even in out-of-the-way parts like these?"

"You've guessed right, stranger," replied the native gloomily, "and it ain't worth drinking when you do get it."

\* \* \*

## The Cat Jumped

"No woman can keep a secret." It was a man who threw the bomb into a business meeting of men and women.

"Don't be so sure about that," retorted a rather forbidding-looking lady, who was perched on a high chair at the end of the conference room.

"For instance, here is one woman who has kept her age a secret ever since she was twenty-four."

"Oh," replied the man good-naturedly, "it will come out some day."

"Not on your life," came the reassuring answer, "when a woman has kept a secret for twenty years, she can keep it for ever."

\* \* \*

## Cheap Quarters

"Where do you live?" the judge asked the first hobo.

"No fixed abode," was the reply.

The judge then turned to hobo number two, who was slightly deaf.

"And you—where do you live?"

"On the floor right above the other fellow."

\* \* \*

Boss: "What are you two doing here at this hour?"

Midnite: "We's workin', boss. We's carryin' dis desk upstairs."

Boss: "I don't see no desk."

Midnite: "Fo' gosh sakes! Say, Carbon, we done forgit the desk."

Master of Ceremonies (announcing a guest who had failed to show up on time at a banquet): "This—is"—there was an embarrassing pause—"the late Mr. Robinson!"

\* \* \*

## Rules of the Road

(Posted in the Tokyo Central Depot)

1. At the rise of the hand of a policeman stop rapidly.

2. When a passenger of the foot hoves in sight, tootle the horn; trumpet it melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigor and express by word of mouth the warning, "Hi! Hi!"

3. Give big space to festive dog that shall sport in the roadway.

4. Beware of the wandering horse. Do not explode an exhaust box at him. Go, soothingly by.

5. Press break of foot as you roll round the corner to save collapse and tie-up.

\* \* \*

Barber: "What would you like on your hair, sir?"

Impatient customer: "My hat, if you can manage it."

\* \* \*

## Logical

Little Jack climbed to the top of a willow tree and on the edge of a hanging branch he deposited a small kitten.

"There," he announced, jubilantly, as he swung himself down, "that tree ought now be called a pussy willow."

\* \* \*

## Good Turn Over

"Martha has a nifty new frock. Says that it came from abroad, doesn't she?"

"Well, not quite that. It's just last year's frock that she turned, and of course now it's her privilege to announce that it came from the other side."

\* \* \*

## Here or There

Doctor (after office hours): "What seems to be the matter?"

Patient (holding right foot): "Right here—a pain, doctor, right here."

"Right ear," shouted the doctor, irritably. "Then, why do you try to put me off the track by fondling that foot of yours?"

\* \* \*

## Got His Measure

"What size hat does your husband take, madam?"

"Really I can't say. He takes 16 in collars. Suppose we make it 24 in hats."



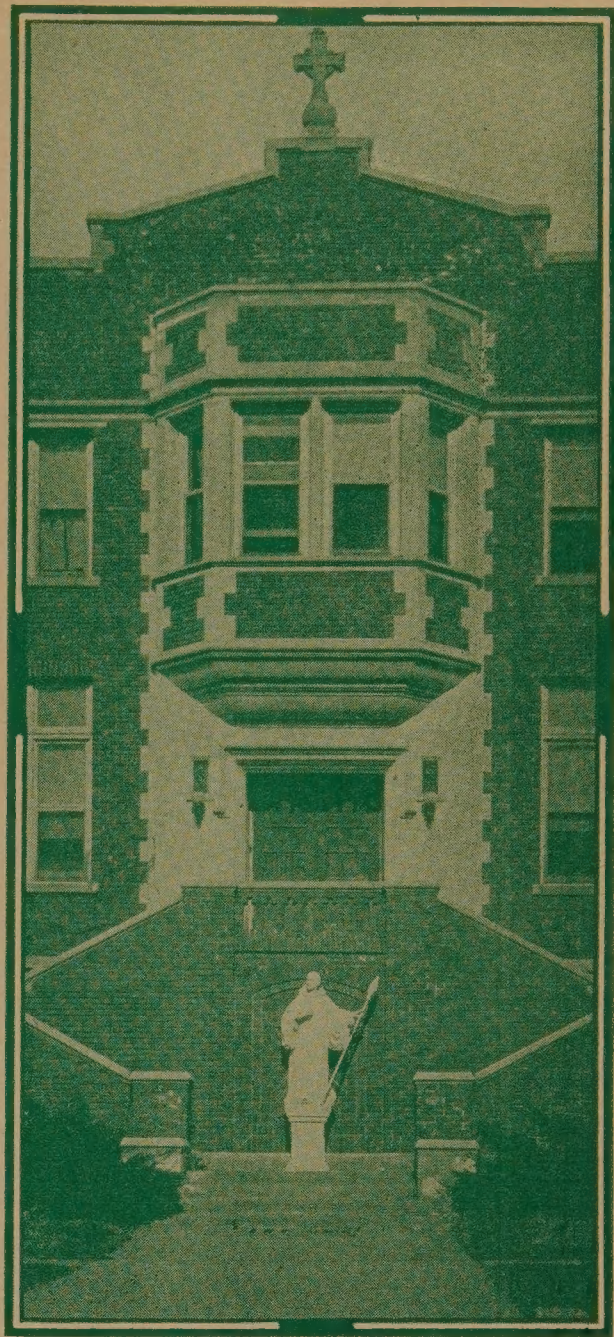
# Eight Grade Boys!

If you have  
a vocation  
to the  
Priesthood,

The Society of St. Columban  
will give You  
the Opportunity  
You Need.

Experience proves that the  
best time to begin preparation  
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after finishing eighth grade.

*You save time and safeguard  
your vocation*



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Apply Now for Information to  
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Above:  
Lake Erie from the  
battlements

St. Columban's  
Preparatory Seminary  
Silver Creek, N. Y.





# INCOME GUARANTEED *for* LIFE!

**6%**  
FOR LIFE

An Annuity Signed  
Means  
an Easy Mind

WILLIAM: "Anne, don't you think you ought to congratulate me on the judgment I displayed in the selection of a wife?"

ANNE: "Believe me, if it wasn't for the judgment I displayed in making you put your money in the ANNUITY PLAN, you might have a different tune for the parade today."

William was a man who liked the Wearin' o' the Green. He always took part in the annual St. Patrick's Day parade. Anne was very proud of him when she pinned the shamrock on his lapel.

Years ago they insured themselves against all financial trouble by an ANNUITY AGREEMENT with the Chinese Mission Society and each year brings them that peace and contentment that go only with freedom from worry.

Cut Out and Mail Today

To the Very Rev. E. J. McCarthy, Superior  
Chinese Mission Society  
St. Columbans, Nebr.

Dear Father:

I am interested in the Chinese Mission Society  
Annuity Plan and will be glad to have full information.

Sincerely yours,

Name .....

Address .....

*We Write either*  
*Single or Survivorship*  
*Annuities*

**The Chinese Mission Society**  
St. Columbans, Nebr.

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